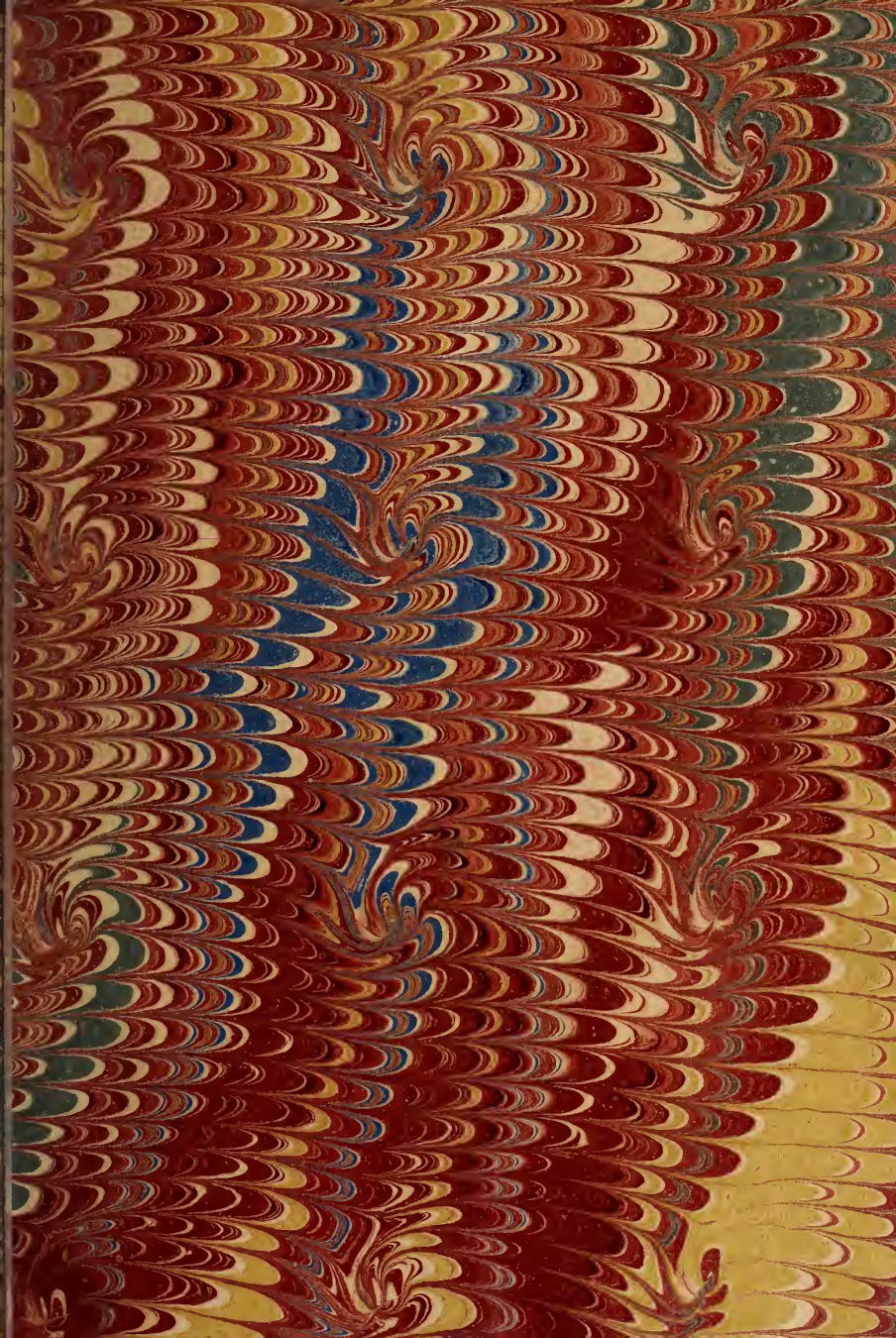




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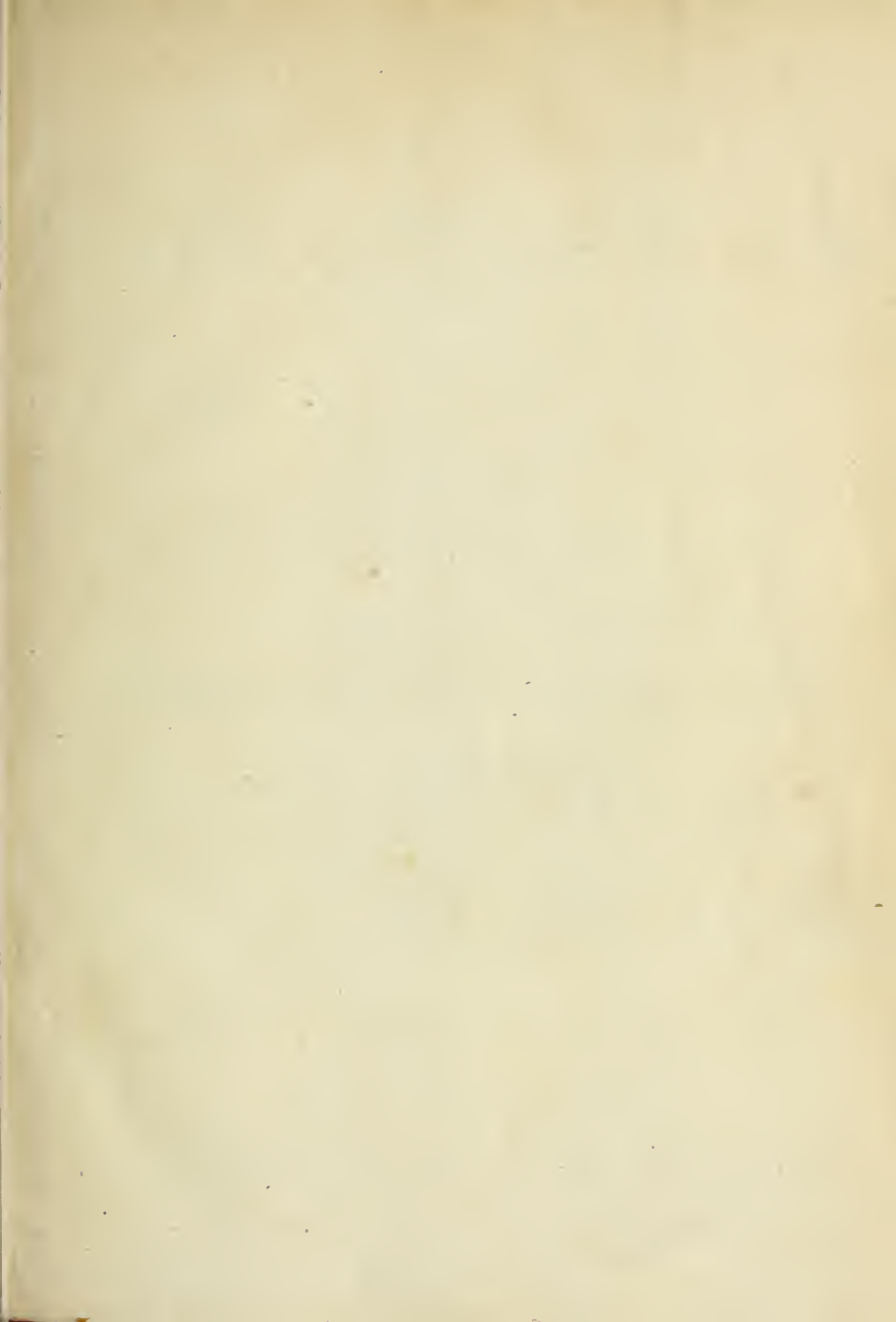
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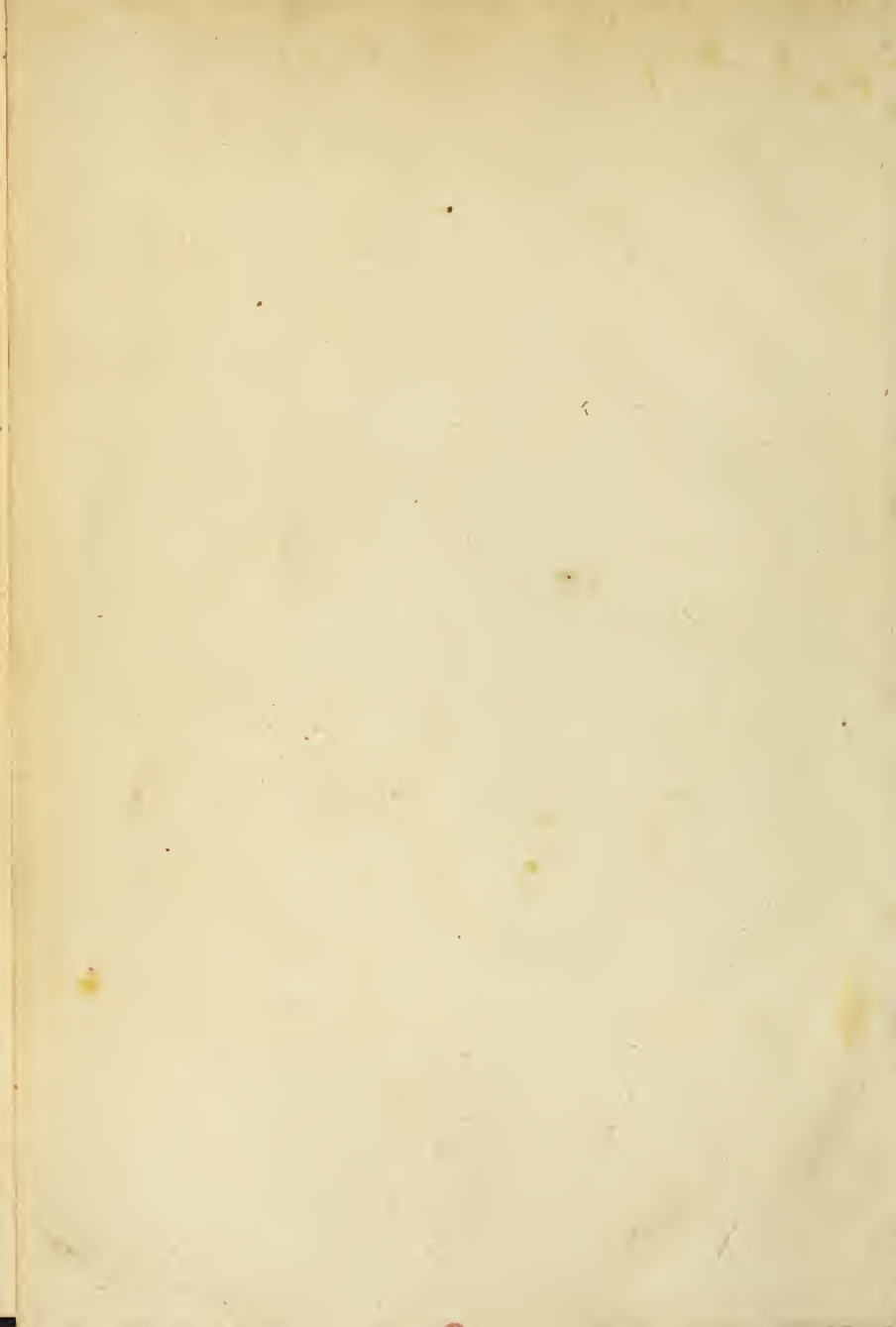




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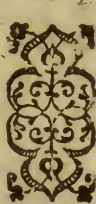
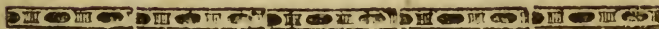
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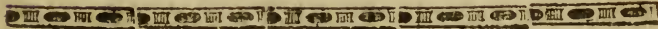


THE
GENTLEMAN
USHER.

By
GEORGE CHAPMAN.



Ann: D



AT LONDON
Printed by V.S. for Thomas Thorppe.
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THE

GENTLEMAN

OF THE

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BY May, 1873

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1873



THE GENTLEMAN V S H E R.

ACTVS PRIMVS, SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Strozza, Cynanche, and Pogio.

Strozza.



Aste nephew, what, a sluggard? Fie for shame,
Shal he that was our morning Cock, turn Owle,
And locke out day light from his drowsie eies?

Pog. Pray pardon mee for once, lord vnkle,
for Ile bee sworne, I had such a dreame this
morning: me thought one came with a commission to take
a Sorrell curtoll, that was stolne from him, wheresoeuer hee
could find him. And because I feared he would lay claime to
my sorrell curtoll in my stable I ran to the Smith to haue him
set on his mane againe, and his taile presently, that the Com-
mission-man might not thinke him a curtoll. And when the
Smith would not doe it, I fell a beating of him, so that I could
not wake for my life til I was reuenged on him.

Cyn. This is your old valure nephew, that will fight slee-
ping as well as waking.

Pog. Slud Aunt, what if my dreame had beene true (as it
might haue beene for any thing I knew) there's neuer a smith
in Italie, shall make an Assle of me in my sleepe, if I can chuse.

Stroz. Well said, my furious nephew: but I see
You quite forget that we must rowse to day
The sharp-tu-kt Bore: and blaze our huntsmanship
before the duke.

Pog. Forget Lord vnkle? I hope not, you thinke belike

my wittes are as brittle as a Beetle, or as skittish as your Barbaric Mare: one cannot crie wehie, but straight shee cries tibi.

Stro. Well ghest coosen *Hysleron Proteron.*

Pog. But which way will the dukes grace hunt to day?

Stro. Toward Count *Lassos* house his Grace will hunt, Where he will visit his late honourd mistresse.

Pog. Who, Ladie *Margaret*, that deare yong dame?
Will his antiquitie, neuer leaue his iniquitie?

Cyn. Why how now nephew? turnd *Parnassus* lately?

Pog. *Nassus*? I know not: but I would I had all the dukes huiug for her sake, I de make him a poore duke ifaith.

Stro. No doubt of that, if thou hadst all his living.

Pog. I would not stand dreaming of the matter as I do now.

Cyn. Why how doe you dreame nephew?

Pog. Mary all last night me thought I was tying her shoo-

Stro. What all night tying her shoostring? (string.

Pog. I that I was, and yet I did it not neither; for as I was tying it, the string broke me thought, and then me thought, hauing but one poynt at my hofe, me thought, I gaue her that to tie her shoo withall.

Cyn. A poynt of much kindnesse I assure you.

Pog. Wherupon, in the v:rie nicke me thought the Count came rushing in, and I ranne rushing out, with my heeles about my hofe for haste.

Stro. So; will you leaue your dreaming, and dispatch?

Pog. Mum, hot a worde more, lie goe before, and ouertake you presently.

Exit.

Cyn. My Lord, I fancie not these hunting sports,
When the bold game you follow turnes againe,
And stares you in the facel: et me behold
A cast of Faulcons on their merry wings,
Daring the stooped prey, that shifting flies:
Or let me view the fearefull Hare or Hinde,
Tostt like a musicke point with harmonic
Of well mouthed hounds. This is a sport for Princes,
The other rude Boares yeeld fit game for Boores.

Stro. Thy timorous spirit blinds thy iudgement, wise,
Thofe are most royall sports that most approue

The huntsmans prowesse, and his hardie minde.

Cyn. My Lord, I know too well your vertuous spirit;
Take heede for Gods loue if you rowse the Bore,
You come not neere him, but discharge aloofe
Your wounding Pistoil, or well aymed Dart.

Stro. I Mary wife this counsaile rightly flowes
Out of thy bosome, pray thee take lesse care,
Let Ladies at their tables iudge of Bores,
Lords in the field: And so farewell sweete loue;
Faile not to meete me at Ear'le *Laffos* house.

Cyn. Pray pardon me for that: you know I loue not
These solertne meetings.

Stro. You must needes, for once
Constraine your disposition; and indeede
I would acquaint you more with Ladie *Margaret*;
For speciall reason. *Cyn.* Very good, my Lord.
Then I must needes go fit me for, that presence.

Stro. I pray thee doe, farewell. *Exit Cyn.*
Here comes my friend. *Enter Vincentio.*

Good day my Lord; why does your grace confront
So cleare a morning with so clowdie lookes?

Vin. Ask't thou my griefes, that knowst my desprate loue
Curbd by my fathers sterne rinalitie:
Must not I mourne that know not whether yet
I shall enjoy a stepdame or a wife?

Stro. A wife prince, neuer doubtit; your deserts
And youthfull graces haue engag'd so farre,
The beauteous *Margaret*, that she is your owne.

Vin. O but the eie of watchfull ieaiousie
Robs my desires of meanes t' enjoy her fauour.

Stro. Despaire not: there are meanes enow for you,
Suborne some seruant of some good respect,
Thats neere your choice; who though she needs no wooing,
May yet imagine you are to begin,
Your strange yong loue sute, and so speake for you,
Beare your kind letters, and get safe access.
All which when he shall do; you neede not feare
His trustie secrecie, because he dares not

Reuale escapes, whereof himselfe is Author,
Whom you may best attempt, the must reuales;
For if she loues you, she already knowes,
And in an instant can resolue you that.

Vin. And so she will, I doubt not: would to heauen
I had fit time, euen now to know her minde:
This counsaile feedes my heart with much sweet hope.

Stro. Pursue it then: will not be hard t' effect:
The Duke haz none for him, but *Medice*
That fustian Lord, who in his buckram face,
Bewraies, in my conceit, a map of basenesse.

Vin. I, theres a parcell of vnconstrued stuffe,
That vnknowne Minion raise to honours height,
Without the helpe of Vertue, or of Art,
Or (to say true) nay of honest part:
O how she shames my father! he goes like
A Princes foote-man, in old fashioned silkes,
And most times, in his hose and dublet onely,
So miserable, that his owne few men
Doe beg by vertue of his liuerie;
For he gives none for any seruice done him,
Or any honour, any least reward.

Stro. Tis pittie such should liue about a Prince:
I would haue such a noble counterfet, naild
Vpon the Pillory, and after, whipt
For his adultery with nobilitie,

Vin. Faith I would faine disgrace him by all meanes,
As enemy to his base-bred ignorance,
That being a great Lord, cannot write nor reade.

Stro. For that, wee'le follow the blinde side of him,
And make it sometimes subiect of our mirth.

Enter Poggio poste.

Vin. See, what newes with your Nephew *Pogio*?

Stro. None good I warrant you.

Pog. Where should I finde my Lord *Vnckle*?

Stro. Whats the huge haste with you?

Pog. O ho, you will hunt to day.

Stro. I hope I will.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Pog. But you may hap to hop without your hope: for the truth is, *Kilbucke* is runne mad.

Siro. Whats this?

Pog. Nay, tis true sir: and *Kilbucke* being runne mad, bit *Ringwood* so by the left buttocke, you might haue turnd your nose in it.

Vin. Out Ass.

Pog. By heauen you might my Lord: d'ee thinke I lie?

Vin. Zwoundes, might I? lets blanket him my Lord: a blanket heere.

Pog. Nay, good my Lord *Vincentio*, by this rush I tell you for good will: and *Venus* your brache there, runnes so prowde, that your Hunts-man cannot take her downe for his life.

Siro. Take her vp foole, thou wouldst say.

Pog. Why sir, he would soone take her down, and he could take her vp I warrant her.

Vin. Well said, ham mer, hammer.

Po. Nay, good now lets alone, and theres your horse, *Gray Strozza* too haz the staggers, and haz strooke bay-Bettrice, your *Barbary* mare so, that shee goes halting a this fashion, most filthily.

Siro. What poison blisters thy vnhappy tongue
Euermore braying forth vnhappy newes,
Our hunting sport is at the best my Lord:
How shall I satisfie the Duke your father,
Defrauding him of his expected sport?
See, see, he comes.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Sarpego, with attendants.

Alph. Is this the copie of the speech you wrote,
Signieur Sarpego?

Sar. It is a blaze of wit poetically,
Reade it, braue Duke, with eyes pathological.

Alp. We will peruse it strait: well met *Vincentio*,
And good Lord *Strozza*, we commend you both:
For your attendance: but you must conceiue,
Tis no true hunting we intend to day,
But an inducement to a certaine shew,
Wherewith we will present our beateous loue,
And therein we bespeake your company.

Vin.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Vin. We both are ready to attend your Highnesse.

Alp. See then, heere is a Poeme that requires
Your worthy censures; offerd if it like
To furnish our intended amorous shew:
Reade it *Vincentio*.

Vin. Pardon me my Lord,
Lord *Medices* reading, will expresse it better;

Med. My patience can digest your scoffes my Lord,
I care not to proclaime it to the world:
I can nor write, nor reade; and what of that:
I can both see and heare, as well as you.

Alp. Still are your wits at warre: heere, read this poeme.

Vin. The red fac'd Sunne hath firke the flundering shades,
And cast bright ammell on *Auroraes* brow.

Alp. High words and strange:
Reade on *Vincentio*.

Vin. The busky groues that gag-tooth'd boares do shrowd
With cringle crangle hernes do ring alowd.

Pog. My Lord, my Lord, I haue a speech heere worth ten
of this, and yet Ile mend it too.

Alp. How likes *Vincentio*?

Vin. It is strangely good,
No inkehorne euer did bring forth the like,
Could these braue prancing words with Actions spurre,
Be ridden throughly, and managed right,
T'would fright the audience, and perhaps delight.

Sarp. Doubt you of action sir?

Vin. I, for such stuffe.

Sarp. Then know my Lord, I can both act and teach
To any words; when I in *Padua* schoolde it,
I plaid in one of *Plautus* Comedies,
Namely, *Curculio*, where his part I acted;
Proiecting from the poore summe of foure lines,
Forty faire actions.

Alp. Lets see that I pray.

Sarp. Your Highnesse shall commaund,
But pardon me, if in my actions heate
Entering in post post haste I chauce to take vp

The Gentleman Vsher.

Some of your honord heels;

Pe. Y' ad best leaue out that action for a thing that I know fir.

Sarp. Then shal you see what I can do without it.

Alp. See see, he hath his furniture and all.

Sarp. You must imagine, Lords, I bring good newes,
Whereof being princely prowd I scowre the streete
And ouer-tumble euery man I meete. *Exit Sarp.*

Pog. Beshrew my heart if he take vp my heeles. *Enter Sarp.*

Sarp. *Date viam mihi Noti, atq; Ignoti.*

Dum ego, hic, officium meum facio.

*Fugite omnes atq; abite, & de via secedite, ne quem
in cursu; aut capite, aut cubito, aut pectore offendam, aut genu.*

Alp. Thankes good *Seigneur Sarpego.*

How like you Lords, this stirring action?

Stro. In a cold morning it were good my Lord,
But something harsh vpon repletion.

Sarp. Sir I haue ventred, being enioynde to eate
Three schollers commons, and yet drewe it neate.

Pogio. Come fir, you meddle in too many matters; let vs I
pray tend on our owne shew at my lord *Lassos.*

Sarp. Doing obeisance then to euery lord

I now consort you fir *eu en toto corde.* *Exit. Sarp. & Pog.*

Med. My lord, away with these scholastique wits,
Lay the inuention of your speech on me,
And the performance too; ile play my parte,
that you shall say, Nature yeelds more then Art.

Alp. Bee't so resolu'd; vnartificiall truth
An vnfaind passion can descipher best.

Vin. But t'wil be hard my lord, for one vnlearnd.

Med. Vnlearnd? I cry you mercie fir; vnlearnd?

Vin. I meane, vntaught my lord, to make a speech,
As a pretended Actor, without close,
More gracious then your doublet and your hose.

Alph. What, think you sonne we meane t'expresse a speech
Of speciall weight without a like attire?

Vin. Excuse me then my lord; so stands it well.

Stro. Haz brought them rarely in, to pageant him.

Med. What; thinke you lord; we thinke not of attire?

The Gentleman Vsher.

Can we not make vs ready at this age?

Stro. Alas my lord, your wit must pardon his.

Vin. I hope it will, his wit is pittiful.

Stro. I pray stand by my Lord; y^e are troublesome.

Vin. To none but you; am I to you my Lord?

Med. Not vnto mee.

Vin. Why then you wrong me *Strozza*.

Med. Nay, fall not out my Lords.

Stro. May I not know

What your speech is my Liege?

Alp. None but my selfe, and the Lord *Medice*.

Med. No, pray my Lord

Let none partake with vs.

Alp. No be assur'd,

But for another cause; a word Lord *Strozza*,

I tell you true, I feare Lord *Medice*

Will scarce discharge the speech effectually:

As we goe therefore, ile explaine to you

My whole intent; that you may second him

If neede and his debilitie require.

Stro. Thanks for this grace my Liege.

*Vincentio o-
uerheares.*

Med. My Lord; your sonne.

Alp. Why how now sonne? forbeare; yet tis no matter

Wee talke of other businesse *Medice*

And come, we will prepare vs to our shew.

(Exeunt.)

Stro. Vin. Which as we can, weele cast to ouerthrow.

*Enter Lasso, Corteza, Margaret, Bassiolo, Sarpego,
two Pages, Bassiolo bare before.*

Bas. Stand by there, make place.

Lass. Saie now *Bassiolo*; you on whom relies

The generall disposition of my house,

In this our preparation, for the Duke

Are all our officers at large instructed,

For fit discharge of their peculiar places?

Bas. At large my lord instructed.

Lass. Are all our chambers hung? Thinke you our house
amplic capacious to lodge all the traine?

Bas

The Gentleman Vsher.

Bass. Amply capacious: I am passing glad.
And now then to our mirth and musically shew,
Which after supper we intend t'indure,
Welcomes cheefe dainties: for choice cates at home,
Euer attend on Princess, mirth abroad,
Are all parts perfect.

Sarp. One I know there is. *Lass.* And that is yours.

Sarp. Well guest in earnest Lord,
I neede not *erubescere*, to take
So much vpon me: That my backe will beare.

Bass. Nay, he will be perfection it selfe,
For wording well, and dexterous action too.

Lass. And will these waggish pages, hit their songs?
2 *Pag.* *Remi fa solla?*

Lass. O they are practising; good boyes, well done;
But where is *Pogio*? there y'are ouershot.
To lay a capitall part vpon his braine,
Whose absence tells me plainly hee'le neglect him.

Bass. O no my Lord, he dreames of nothing else,
And giues it out in wagers, hee'le excell;
And see, (I told your Lo:) he is come. *Enter Pogio.*

Pog. How now my Lord, haue you borrowed a Snite for
me: *Seigneur Bassiolo*, can all say, are all things ready? the Duke
is hard by, and little thinks that Ile be an Actor ifaith, I keepe
all close my Lord.

Lass. O, tis well done, call all the Ladies in,
Sister and daughter, come, for Gods sake come,
Prepare your courtliest carriage for the Duke.

Enter Corte, Margarite, and maids.

Corte. And Neece, in any case remember this,
Praise the old man, and when you see him first,
Looke me on none but him, smiling and louingly:
And then, when he comes neere, make beifance low,
With both your hands thus mouing, which not onely
Is as t'were courtly, and most comely too,
But speakes (as who should say) come hither Duke;
And yet saies nothing, but you may denie.

Lass. Well taught sister.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Mar. I, and to much end:
I am exceeding fond to humour him.

Lass. Harke, does he come with musicke? what, and bound?
An amorous deuice: daughter, obserue.

Enter Enchanter, with spirits singing; after them, Medice, like
Syluanus, next the Duke bound, Vincentio,
Strozza, with others.

Vin. Now lets gull Medice, I doe not doubt,
But this attire put on, will put him out.

Stro. Weele doe our best to that end, therefore marke.

Ench. Lady, or Princeesse, both your choice commands,
These spirits and I, all seruants of your beautie,
Present this royall captiue to your mercie.

Mar. Captiue to mee a subiect.

Vin. I, faire Nymph;
And how the worthy mystery befell
Syluanus heere, this wooden god can tell.

Alp. Now my Lord.

Vin. Now is the time man, speake. Med. Peace.

Alp. Peace Vincentio.

Vin. Swounds my Lord,
Shall I stand by and suffer him to shame you?
My Lord Medice?

Stro. Will you not speake my Lord?

Med. How can I?

Vin. But you must speake in earnest:
Would not your Highnesse haue him speake my Lord?

Med. Yes, and I will speake, and perhaps speake so,
As you shall neuer mend: I can I know.

Vin. Doe then my good Lord. Alp. Medice, forth.

Med. Goddesse, faire goddesse, for no lesse, no lesse.

Alp. No lesse, no lesse? no more, no more: speake you.

Med. Swounds they haue put me out.

Vin. Laugh your faire goddesse,
This nobleman disdaines to be your foole.

Alp. Vincentio, peace.

Vin. Swounds my Lord, it is as good a shew:
Pray speake Lord Strozza.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Stroz. Honourable dame.

Vin. Take heede you be not out I pray my Lord.

Siro. I pray forbear my Lord *Vincentio*:

How this distressed Prince came thus in thralde,
I must relate with words of height and wonder:
His Grace this morning visiting the woods,
And straying farre, to finde game for the Chase,
At last, out of a mirtle groue he rowlde
A vast and dreadfull Boare, so sterne and fierce,
As if the Feend fell Crueltie her selfe
Had come to fright the woods in that strange shape.

Alp. Excellent good. *Vin.* Too good a plague on him.

Siro. The princely *Savage* being thus on foote,
Tearing the earth vp with his thundering hoofe,
And with the 'nragde *Aetna* of his breath,
Firing the ayre, and scorching all the woods,
Horror held all vs Huntsmen from pursuit,
Onely the Duke incenst with our cold feare,
Incouragde like a second *Hercules*.

Vin. Zwounds, too good man.

Siro. Pray thee let me alone:

And like the English signe of great *Saint George*.

Vin. Plague of that *Simile*.

Siro. Gaue valorous example, and like fire,
Hunted the monster close, and chargde so fierce,
That he inforc'd him (as our sence conceiu'd)
To leape for soile into a cristall spring,
Where on the suddaine strangely vanishing,
Nymph-like for him, out of the waues arose
Your sacred figure like *Diana* armde,
And (as in purpose of the beasts reuenge)
Dischargde an arrow through his Highnesse breast,
Whence yet no wound or any blood appearde:
With which, the angry shadow left the light:
And this Enchanter with his power of spirits,
Brake from a caue, scattering enchanted sounds,
That strooke vs sencelesse, while in these strange bands,
These cruell spirits thus inchainde his armes,

And led him captiue to your heavenly eyes,

Th'intent whereof on their report relies.

En. Bright Nymph, that Boare figur'd your crueltie,
Chared by loue, defended by your beautie.

This amorous Huntsman heere, we thus inthral'd,

As the attendants on your Graces charmes,

And brought him hither by your bounteous hands,

To be releast, or liue in endlesse bands.

Lass. Daughter, release the Duke: alas my Liege,
What meant your Highnesse to indure this wrong?

Co. Enlarge him Neece, come dame, it must be so.

Mar. What Madam, shall I arrogate so much?

Lass. His Highnesse pleasure is to grace you so.

Alp. Performe it then sweete loue, it is a deede
Worthy the office of your honor'd hand.

Mar. Too worthie I confesse my Lord for me,
If it were serious: but it is in sport,
And women are fit Actors for such pageants.

Alp. Thanks gracious loue; why made you strange of this?
I rest no lesse your captiue then before,
For me vntying, you haue tied me more.

Thanks *Strozza* for your speech, no thanks to you.

Med. No, thanke your tonne my Lord.

Lass. T'was very well,
Exceeding well performed on euery part,
How say you *Bassialo*?

Bass. Rare I protest my Lord.

Cor. O, my Lord *Medice* became it rarely,
Me thought I likde his manlie being out;
It becomes Noblemen to doe nothing well.

Lass. Now then wil't please your Grace to grace our house,
And still vouchsafe our seruice further honour.

Al. Leade vs my Lord, we will your daughter leade. *Exit.*

Vin. You do not leade, but drag her leaden steps.

Stro. How did you like my speech?

Vin. O fie vpon't, your Rhetoricke was too fine.

Stro. Nothing at all:
I hope faint *Georges* signe was grosse enough:

The Gentleman Vsher.

But (to be serious) as these warnings passe,
Watch you your father, Ile watch *Medice*,
That in your loue-suit, we may shun suspect:
To which end, with your next occasion, vrge
Your loue to name the person she will choose,
By whose meanes you may safely write or meete.

Vin. Thats our cheefe businesse: and see, heere she comes.

Enter Margaret in haste.

Mar. My Lord, I onely come to say, y'are welcome,
And so must say, farewell.

Vin. One word I pray. *Mar.* Whats that?

Vin. You needes must presently deuise,
What person trusted chiefly with your guard,
You thinke is aptest for me to corrupt,
In making him a meane for our safe meeting?

Mar. My fathers Vsher, none so fit,
If you can worke him well: and so farewell,
With thanks my good Lord *Strozza* for your speech. *Exit.*

Stro. I thanke you for your patience, mocking Lady.

Vin. O what a fellow haz she pickt vs out?
One that I would haue choosde past all the rest,
For his close stockings onely.

Stro. And why not?

For the most constant fashion of his hat?

Vin. Nay then, if nothing must be left vnspoke,
For his strict forme, thus still to weare his cloke.

Stro. Well sir, he is your owne, I make no doubt:
For to these outward figures of his minde,
He hath two inward swallowing properties
Of any gudgeons; seruile Auarice,
And ouerweening thought of his owne worth,
Ready to snatch at euery shade of glory:
And therefore, till you can directlie boord him,
Waite him aloofe with hats, and other fauours,
Still as you meete him.

Vin. Well, let me alone,

He that is one mans slaue, is free from none.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus

ACT VS SECVNDVS SCÆNA PRIMA.

*Enter Medice, Cortezza a Page with a cuppe of Secke,
Strozza following close.*

Med: Come Lady, sit you heere: Page, fill some Sacke,
I am to worke vpon this aged Dame,
To gleane from her, if there be any cause
(In louing others) of her Necess coines
To the most gracious loue suite of the Duke:
Heere noble Lady, this is healthfull drinke
After our supper.

Cortezza O, tis that my Lorde,
That of all drinkes keeps life and soule in me.

Med. Heere, fill it Page, for this my worthy loue:
O how I could imbrace this good olde widdow.

Cort. Now lord, when you do thus, you make me thinke
Of my sweete husband; for he was as like you;
Eene the same words, and fashion: the same eyes,
Manly, and cholerike, eene as you are iust,
And eene as kinde as you for all the world.

Med. O my sweete widdow, thou dost make me proud.

Cort: Nay, I am too old for you.

Med: Too old, thats nothing,
Come pledge me wench, for I am drie againe,
And strait will charge your widdowhood fresh ifaith:
Why thats well done.

Cort: Now sic on't, heeres a draught.

Med: O, it will warme your blood: if you should sip,
T would make you heart-burnd.

Cort: Faith and so they say:
Yet I must tell you, since I plide this geere,
I haue beenc hanted with a horson paine heere,
And euery moone almost with a shrewd feuer,
And yet I cannot leaue it: for thanke God,
I neuer was more sound of winde and limbe.

Enter Strozza. A great bumba-
Looke you, I warrant you I haue a leg, sted legge.

Hold

The Gentleman Vsher.

Holds out as handsomly. *Med.* Beshrew my life,
But tis a legge indeed, a goodly limbe.

Stro. This is most excellent.

Med. O that your Neece

Were of as milde a spirit as your selfe.

Cort. Alas Lord *Medice*, would you haue a girle,
As well seene in behauiour as I?

Ah shees a fond yong thing, and growne so prewde,
The wind must blow at west stil, or sheele be angry.

Med. Masse so me thinke; how coy shees to the duke?
I lay my life she haz some yonger loue.

Cort. Faith like enough.

Med. Gods me, who should it bee?

Cort. If it be any; *Page*, a little Sacke,
If it be any; harke now; if it be,
I know not, by this Sacke, but if it be,
Marke what I say, my Lord; I drinke tee first.

Med. Well said good widdow, much good do thy heart,
So; now what if it be?

Cort. Well, if it be;
To come to that I said, for so I said,
If it be any, Tis the Shrewde yong Prince,
For eies can speake, and eies can vnderstand,
And I haue markt her eies; yet by this cup,
Which I will onely kisse,

Stro. O noble Crone,
Now such a huddle and kettle neuer was.

Cort. I neuer yet haue seene; not yet I say,
But I will marke her after for your sake.

Med. And doe I pray; for it is passing like;
And there is *Strozza*, a flie Counsailor
To the yong boy: O I would giue a limbe,
To haue their knauerie limm'd and painted out.
They stand vpon their wits and paper-learning:
Giue me a fellow with a naturall wit,
That can make wit of no wit; and wade through
Great things with nothing, when their wits sticke fast,
O they be scurvie Lords.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Cort. Faith so they be,
Your Lordship still is of my mind in all,
And eene so was my husband.

Mid. Gods my life,
Strozza hath Euefdropt here, and ouer-heard vs.

Stro. They haue descried me; what Lord *Medice*
Courting the lustie widow?

Med. I, and why not?
Perhaps one does as much for you at home.

Stro. What, cholericke man? and toward wedlocke too?

Cort. And if he be my Lord; he may do woorse.

Stro. If he be not; madame, he may do better.

Enter Bassiolo with seruants with Rushes, and a Carpet.

Bass. My Lords, and Madame, the Dukes grace intreates
T'attend his new-made Dutchesse for this night, (you
Into his presence.

Stro. We are readie sir.

Exeunt.

Bass. Come strew this roome afresh; spread here this car-
Nay quickly man, I pray thee; this way foole, (pet,
Lay me it smoothe, and Euen; looke if he will;
This way a little more: a little there.

Hast thou no forecast? flood me thinks a man
Should not of meere necessitie be an Ass.

Looke how he strowes here too: Come sir Giles Goosecap,
I must do all my seife, lay me vñ thus:

In fine smoothe threaues, looke you sir, thus in threaues.

Perhaps some tender Ladie will squat here,

And if some standing Rush should chance to pricke her,
Shee'd squeak & spoile the songs that must be sung.

Stro. See where he is; now to him, and prepare
Your familiaritie.

Enter Vin. and Stroz.

Vin. Saue you master *Bassiolo*,
I pray a word sir; but I feare I let you.

Bass. No my good Lord, no let.

Vin. I thanke you sir.

Nay pray be couerd; O I crie you mercie,

You must be bare. *Bass.* Euer to you my Lord,

Vin. Nay, not to me sir,

But

The Gentleman Vsher.

But to the faire right of your worshipfull place.

Stro. A shame of both your worships.

Bass. What means your Lordship?

Vin. Onely to doe you right sir, and my selfe ease.

And what sir, will there be some shew to night?

Bass. A slender presentation of some musick

And some thing else my Lord.

Vin. T'is passing good sir,

Ile not be ouer bold t'aske the particulars.

Bass. Yes, if your Lordship please.

Vin. O no good sir,

But I did wonder much; for as me thought

I saw your hands at work.

Bass. Or else my Lord

Our busines would be but badly done.

Vin. How vertuous is a worthy mans example?

Who is this throne for pray?

Bass. For my Lords daughter,
Whom the duke makes to represent his dutches.

Vin. T'will be exceeding fit; and all this roome
Is passing wel preparde; a man would sweare,
That all presentments in it would be rare.

Bass. Nay, see if thou canst lay vm thus in threaues.

Vin. In threaues dee call it?

Bass. I my Lord in threaues.

Vin. A pretty terme:

Well sir I thanke you highly for this kindnesse,
And pray you alwayes make as bold with me
For kindnesse more then this, if more may bee.

Bass. O my Lord this is nothing.

Vin. Sir, tis much.

And now ile leaue you sir; I know y'are busie.

Bass. Faith sir a little:

Vin. I commend me tee Sir.

Exit Vin.

Bass. A courteous prince beleeeue it; I am sorry
I was no bolder with him; what a phrase
He vsde at parting! I commend me tee.

Ile hate y'faith; *Enter Sarpego halfe drest?*

The Gentleman Vsher.

Sarp. Good master Vsher, will you dictate to me,
Which is the part precedent of this night-cap,
And which posterior? I do *ignorare*
How I should weare it.

Bass. Why sir, this I take it
Is the precedent part; I, so it is.

Sarp. And is all well sir thinke you?

Bass. Passing well. *Enter Pogio, and Fungus.*

Pog. Why sir come on; the Vsher shal be iudge:
See master Vsher: this same *Fungus* here,
Your Lords retainer, whom I hope you rule,
Would weare this better Ierkin for the Rush-man,
When I doe play the Broome-man; and speake first.

Fun. Why sir, I borrowed it, and I will weare it.

Pog. What sir, in spite of your Lords gentleman Vsher:

Fun. No spite sir, but you haue changde twice already,
And now woulde ha't againe.

Pog. Why thats all one sir,
Gentilitie must be fantastlicall.

Bass. I pray thee *Fungus* let master *Pogio* weare it.

Fun. And what shall I weare then?

Pog. Why here is one, that was a Rush-mans Ierkin, and I
pray, wer't not absurd then; a Broome-man should weare it:

Fun. Foe, theres a reason, I will keepe it sir.

Pog. Will sir; then do your office maister Vsher,
Make him put off his Ierkin; you may plucke
His coate ouer his eares, much more his Ierkin.

Bass. *Fungus* y'ad best be rulde.

Fun. Best sir! I care not.

Pog. No sir? I hope you are my Lords retainer.
I neede not care a pudding for your Lord:
But spare not, keepe it, for perhaps Ile play
My part as well in this, as you in that,

Bass. Well said, master *Pogio*; my Lord shall know it.

*Enter Corteza, with the Broom-wench, & Rush-wench in their
petticoates, clokes ouer them, with hats ouer their head tyres.*

Cort. Looke master Vsher, are these wags wel drest?
I haue beene so in labour with v'm truly.

Bass.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Bass. Y'au'e had a verie good deliuerance, Ladie:
How I did take her at her labour there,
I vse to gird these Ladies so sometimes.

*Enter Lasso, with Syllan and a Nymph, a man
Bugge, and a woman.*

1 I pray my Lord, must not I weare this haire?

Lass. I pray thee aske my Vsher; Come, dispatch,
The duke is readie: are you readie there?

2 See master Vsher; must he weare this haire?

1. *Bug.* Pray master Vsher, where must I come in?

2 Am not I well for a *Bug*, master Vsher?

Bass. What stirre is with these boyes here, God forgite me,
If't were not for the credite on't, I'de see
Your apish trash afire, ere I'de indure this.

1 But pray good master Vsher.

Bass. Hence ye Brats,
You stand vpon your tyre; but for your action
Which you must vse in singing of your songs,
Exceeding dexterously and full of life,
I hope youle then stand like a sort of blocks,
Without due motion of your hands, and heads,
And wresting your whole bodies to your words,
Looke too't, y'are best; and in; Go; All go in:

Pog. Come in my masters; lets be out anon. *Exeunt.*

Lass. What, are all furnisht well?

Bass. All well my Lord.

Lass. More lights then here, and let lowd musicke sound.

Bass. Sound Musicke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Vincentio, Strozza bare, Margaret, Corteza, and
Cynanche bearing her traine. After her the duke
whispering with Medice, Lasso
with Bassiolo, &c.*

Alp. Aduance your selfe, faire Dutchesse to this Throne,
As we haue long since raisde you to our heart,
Better *decorum* neuer was beheld,
Then twixt this state and you: And as all eyes
Now fixt on your bright Graces thinke it fit,
So frame your fauour to continue it.

Mar. My Lord; but to obey your earnest will,
And not make serious scruple of a toy,
I scarce durst haue presumde this minuts height.

Lass. Vther, cause other musicke; begin your shew.

Bass. Sound Consort; warne the Pedant to be readie.

Cor. Madam, I thinke you'le see a prettie shew.

Cyn. I can expect no lesse in such a presence.

Alp. Lo what attention and state beautie breeds,
Whose moning silence no shrill herauld needes.

Enter Sarpego.

Sar. Lords of high degree,
And Ladies of low courtesie,
I the Pedant here,
Whom some call schoolmaistere,
Because I can speake best,
Approch before the rest.

Vin. A verie good reason.

Sar. But there are others comming,
Without maske or mumming:
For they are not ashamed,
If need be, to be named,
Nor will they hide their faces,
In any place or places;
For though they seeme to come,
Loded with Rush, and Broome:
The Broomeman you must know,
Is seigneur *Poggio*,
Nephew, as shall appeare,
To my Lord *Strozza* here.

Stro. O Lord, I thanke you sir; you graec me much.
And to this noble dame,
Whome I with finger name. }

Vin. A plague of that fooles finger.

Sar. And women will ensue,
Which I must tell you true,
No women are indeed,
But Pages made for need,
To fill vp womens places.

The Gentleman Vsher.

By vertue of their faces,
And other hidden graces.

A halt, a halt; whist, stil, be mum,
For now with siluer song they come.

*Enter Poggio, Fungus, with the song Broome-maid, and
Rush-maid. After which, Poggio.*

Pog. Heroes, and Heroines, of gallant straine,
Let not these Broomes, motes in your eies remaine,
For in the Moone, theres one beares with red bushes:
But we (deare wights) do beare greene broomes, green rushes,
Whereof these verdant herbals cleeped Broome,
Do pierce and enter euerie Ladies roome,
And to proue them high borne, and no base trash,
Water with which your phisnomies you wash,
Is but a Broome. And more truth to deliuer,
Grim *Hercules* swept a stable with a riuier,
The wind that sweepes fowle clouds out of the ayre,
And for you Ladies makes the Welken faire,
Is but a Broome: and O Dan *Titan* bright,
Most clearkly calld the Scauenger of night,
What art thou, but a verie broome of gold?
For all this world not to be cride nor sold;
Philosophy, that passion sweepes from thought,
Is the soules Broome, and by all braue wits fought,
Now if Philosophers but Broomemen are,
Each Broomeman then is a Philosopher,
And so we come (gracing your gracious Graces)
To sweeppe Cares cobwebs from your cleanly faces.

Alp. Thanks good master Broomeman,

Fun. For me Rushman then,

To make Rush ruffle in a verse of ten,
A Rush which now your heeles doe lie on here.

Vin. Crie mercie sir.

Fun. Was whilome vsed for a pungent speare,
In that odde battaile, neuer fought but twice
(As *Homer* sings) betwixt the frogs and mice,

Rushes:

The Gentleman Vsher.

Rushes make Truc-loue knots;Rushes makinges,
Your Rush maugre the beard of winter springs.
And when with gentle, amorous,laysie lims,
Each Lord with his faire Ladie sweetly swims
On these coole Rushes;they may with these bables,
Cradles for children make;children for cradles,
And lest some Momus here might now crie push,
Saying our pageant is not woorth a Rush,
Bundles of Rushes,lo,we bring along,
To picke his teeth that bites them with his tongue.

Stro. See,see,thats Lord *Medice.*

Vin. Gods me,my Lord,

Haz hee pickt you out, picking of your teeth?

Med. What picke you out of that ?

Stro. Not such stale stufte

As you picke from your teeth.

Alp. Leau this warre with Rushes,

Good master pedant;pray forth with your shew.

Sar. Lo thus farre then (braue duke) you see,
Meere entertainment;Now our glee
Shall march forth in Moraltie:

{ And this queint Dutchesse here shall see
The fault of virgine Nicetie,
First wooed with Rurall courtesie,
Disburthen them,prauce on this ground,
And make your *Exit* with your Round. *Exeunt*

Well haue they daunc'd,as it is meet,
Both with their nimble heades and feet.

{ Now,as our country girls held off,
And rudely did their louers (coff;
Our Nymph likewise shall onely glaunce
By your faire eies,and looke askaunce
Vpon her female friend that woos her,
Who is in plaine field forc'd to loose her.
And after them,to conclude all,
The purlue of our Pastorall.

A female bug,and eke her friend,
Shall onely come aud sing,and end. *Bugs song.*

Thus

The Gentleman Vsher.

This Lady and Dutchesse we conclude,
Faire Virgins must not be too rude:
For though the rurall wilde and antike,
Abusde their loues as they were frantike;
Yet take you in your Iuory clutches,
This noble Duke, and be his Dutches.
Thus thanking all for their *tacete*,
I void the roome, and cry *valete*.

Exit.

Alp. Generally well, and pleasingly performed.

Mar. Now I resigne this borrowed maiesty,
Which fate vnseemely on my worthlesse head,
With humble seruice to your Highnesse hands.

Alp. Well you became it Lady, and I know
All heere could wish it might be euer so.

Stro. Heeres one saies nay to that.

Vin. Plague on you, peace.

Lass. Now let it please your Highnesse to accept
A homely banquet, to close these rude sports.

Alp. I thanke your Lordship much.

Bass. Bring lights, make place.

Enter Pogso in his cloke and broome-mans attire.

Pog. How d'ee my Lord?

Alp. O master broomeman, you did passing well.

Vin. A you mad slaue you! you are a tickling Actor.

Pog. I was not out like my Lord *Medice*.

How did you like me Aunt? *Cyn.* O rarely, rarely.

Stro. O thou hast done a worke of memory,
And raise our house vp higher by a story.

Vin. Friend how conceit you my young mother heere?

Cyn. Fitter for you my Lord, than for your father.

Vin. No more of that sweete friend, those are bugs words.

Exeunt.

Finis Actus secundi.

ACTVS TERTII SCÆNA PRIMA.

Medice after the Song, whispers alone with his Seruant.

Med. Thou art my trusty Seruant, dost thou know it,

The Gentleman Vsher.

I haue beene euer bountifull Lord to thee,
As still I will be: be thou thankfull then,
And doe me now a seruice of import.

Ser. Any my Lord in compasse of my life.

Med. To morrow then the Duke intends to hunt,
Where *Strozza* my despightfull enemie,
Will giue attendance busie in the chase,
Wherein (as if by chance, when others shoote
At the wilde Boare) do thou discharge at him,
And with an arrow, cleaue his cankerd heart.

Ser. I will not faile my Lord. *Med.* Be secret then.
And thou to me shalt be the dear'st of men. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vincentio, and Bassiolo.

Vin. Now Vanitie and Policie inrich me
With some ridiculous fortune on this Vsher.

Wheres Master Vsher? *Bass.* Now I come my Lord.

Vin. Besides, good sir, your shew did shew so well,

Bass. Did it in deede my Lord? *Vin.* O sir, belecue it;
Twas the best fashiond and well orderd thing
That euer eye beheld: and there withall,
The fit attendance by the seruants vsde,
The gentle guise in seruing euery guest,
In other entertainements; euery thing
About your house so sortfully disposde,
That euen as in a turne-spit calld a Iacke,
One vice assists another; the great wheelles
Turning but softly, make the lesse to whirre
About their businesse; euery different part
Concurring to one commendable end:
So, and in such conformance, with rare grace,
Were all things orderd in your good lordes house.

Bass. The most fit *simile* that euer was.

Vin. But shall I tell you plainly my conceit,
Touching the man that I thinke cause this order?

Bass. I good my Lord. *Vin.* You note my *simile*.

Bass. Drawne from the turne-spit.

Vin. I see you haue me,

Euen as in that queint engine you haue seene,
A little man in shreds stand at the winder,

And

The Gentleman Vsher.

And seemes to put all things in act about him,
Lifting and pulling with a mightie stirre,
Yet addes no force to it, nor nothing does:

So, (though your Lord be a braue Gentleman)
And seemes to do this busines,
He does nothing;

Some man about him was the festiuall robe,
That made him shew so glorious and diuine.

Bass. I cannot tell my Lord, yet I should know if any such

Vin. Should know quoth you; (there were.

I warrant you know: well, some there be
Shall haue the fortune to haue such rare men,
(Like braue beasts to their Armes) support their state,
When others of as high a worth and breede,
Are made the wastefull food of them they feede:

What state hath your Lord made you for your seruice?

Bass. He haz beene my good Lord, for I can spend
Some fifteene hundred crownes in lands a yeare,
Which I haue gotten since I seru'd him first.

Vin. No more then fifteene hundred crownes a yeare?

Bass. It is so much as makes me liue my Lord,
Like a poore Gentleman.

Vin. Nay, tis prettie well:

But certainly my nature does esteeme
Nothing enough for vertue; and had I
The Duke my fathers meanes, all should be spent,
To keepe braue men about me: but good sir,
Accept this simple ieuell at my hands,
Till I can worke perswasion of my friendship,
With worthier arguments.

Bass. No good my Lord,
I can by no meanes merite the free bounties
You haue bestowed besides.

Vin. Nay, be not strange,
But doe your selfe right, and be all one man
In all your actions, doe not thinke but some
Haue extraordinarie spirits like your selfe,
And wil not stand in their societie,

On birth and riches: but on worth and vertue,
With whom there is no nicenesse, nor respect
Of others common friendship; be he poore
Or basely borne, so he be rich in soule,
And noble in degrees of qualities,
He shall be my friend sooner then a King.

Bass. Tis a most kingly iudgement in your lordship,

Vin. Faith sir I know not, but tis my vaine humour.

Bass. O, tis an honour in a Nobleman.

Vin. Y'ane some lords now so politike and proud,

They skorne to giue good lookes to worthy men.

Bass. O fie vpon vin; by that light my lord,
I am but seruant to a Nobleman,

But if I would not skorne such puppet lords,
Would I weare breathlesse.

Vin. You sir? so you may;

For they will cogge so when they wish to vse men,

With, pray be couerd sir, I beseech you sit,

Whoe's there? waite of Master Vsher to the doore.

O, these be godly gudgeons: where's the deedes?

The perfect Nobleman?

Bass. O good my Lord.

Vin. Away, away, ere I would flatter so,
I would eate rushes like lord *Medici*.

Bass. Well, wel my Lord, would there were more such Prin-

Vin. Alas, twere pittie sir, they would be guld (ces.
Out of their very skinnes.

Bass. Why are you my lord?

Vin. Who I, I care not:

If I be guld where I professe plaine loue,

T'will be their faults you know.

Bass. O t'were their shames.

Vin. Well, take my iewell, you shall not be strange,
I loue not manie words.

Bass. My lord, I thanke you, I am of few words too.

Vin. Tis friendlie said,

You proue your selfe a friend, and I would haue you

Aduance your thoughts, and lay about for state,

Worthy your vertues: be the Mineon
Of some great King or Duke: theres *Medici*,
The Minion of my Father: O the Father!
What difference is there? but I cannot flatter
A word to wise men.

Bass. I perceiue your Lordship.

Vin. Your Lordship? taik you now like a friend?
Is this plaine kindnesse? *Bass.* Is it not my Lord?

Vin. A palpable flattering figure for men common:
A my word I should thinke, if twere another,
He meant to gull mee.

Bass. Why tis but your due.

Vin. Tis but my due: if youle be still a stranger:
But as I wish to choose you for my friend,
As I intend when God shall call my father,
To doe I can tell what: but let that passe,
Thus tis not fit; let my friend be familiar,
Vse not me Lordship, nor yet call me Lord,
Nor my whole name *Vincentio*; but *vince*,
As they call Iacke or Will, tis now in vse,
Twixt men of no equality or kindnesse.

Bass. I shall be quickly bold enough my Lord.

Vin. Nay, see how still you vse that coy terme, Lord
What argues this, but that you thunne my friendship?

Bass. Nay, pray say not so.

Vin. Who should not say so?

Will you afford me now no name at all?

Bass. What should I call you?

Vin. Nay, then tis no matter.

But I told you *Vince*. *Bass.* Why then my sweete *Vince*.

Vin. Whie so then; and yet still there is a fault,
In vsing these kind words, without kinde deedes:
Pray thee imbrace me too.

Bass. Why then sweete *Vince*.

Vin. Why now I thank you, sblood shall friends be strange?
Where there is plainenesse, there is euer truth:
And I will still be plaine since I am true:
Come let vs lie a little, I am wearie.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Bass. And so am I, I sweare since yesterday.

Vin. You may sir by my faith, and sirra, hark thee,
What lordship wouldst thou wish to haue ifaith,
When my old father dies?

Bass. Who I? alas.

Vin. O not you, well sir, you shall haue none,
You are as coy a peece as your Lords daughter.

Bass. Who, my mistris?

Vin. Indeede, is she your Mistris?

Bass. I faith sweet *Vince*, since she was three yeare old.

Vin. And are not wee too friends?

Bass. Who doubts of that?

Vin. And are not two friends one?

Bass. Euen man and wife.

Vin. Then what to you she is, to me she should be.

Bass. Why *Vince*, thou wouldst not haue her?

Vin. O not I : I doe not fancie any thing like you.

Bass. Nay but I pray thee tell me.

Vi. You do not meane to marry her your self?

Bass. Not I by heauen.

Vin. Take heede now, do not gull me.

Bass. No by that candle.

Vin. Then will I be plaine.

Thinke you she dotes not too much on my father?

Bass. O yes, no doubt on't.

Vin. Nay, I pray you speake.

Bass. You seely man you, she cannot abide him.

Vin. Why sweete friend pardon me, alas I knew not.

Bass. But I doe note you are in some things simple,

And wrong your selfe too much.

Vin. Thanke you good friend,

For your playne dealing, I doe meane so well.

Bass. But who saw euer summer mixt with winter?

There must be equall yeares where firme loue is.

Could we two loue so well so suddainly

Were we not some thing equaller in yeares,

Than he and thee are?

Vi. I crye ye mercy sir, I know we could not, but yet be not
too bitter,

Con-

The Gentleman Vsher.

Considering loue is fearefull. And sweete friend,
I haue a letter t'intreate her kindnesse
Which if you would conuay.

Bass. I, if I would fir?

Vin. Why fayth, deare friend, I would not die requitelesse.

Bass. Would you not so fir?

By heauen a little thing would make me boxe you,
Which if you would conuaie? why not I pray?
Which (friend) thou shalt conuaie.

Vin. Which friend, you shall then.

Bass. Well friend, and I will then.

Vin. And vse some kinde perswasie wordes for me?

Bass. The best I sweare that my poore tounge can forge.

Vin. I, wel said, poore tounge: O tis rich in meekenesse;
You are not knowne to speake well? You haue wonne
Direction of the Earle and all his house,
The fauour of his daughter, and all Dames
That euer I sawe, come within your sight,
With a poore tounge? A plague a your sweete lippes.

Bass. Well, we will doe our best: And faith my *Vince*,
She shall haue an vnweldie and dull soule,
If she be nothing moou'd with my poore tounge,
Call it no better; Be it what it will.

Vin. Well said ifaith; Now if I doe not thinke
Tis possible, besides her bare receipt
Of that my Letter, with thy friendly tounge,
To get an answere of it, neuer trust me.

Bass. An answer man? Sbloud make no doubt of that.

Vin. By heauen I thinke so; now a plague of Nature,
That she giues all to some, and none to others.

Bass. How I endeare him to me! Come *Vince*, rise,
Next time I see her, I will giue her this:
Which when she sees, sheele thinke it wondrous strange
Loue should goe by descent, and make the sonne
Follow the father in his amorous steppes.

Vin. Shee needes must thinke it strange, that neuer yet saw
I durst speake to her, or had scarce hir sight.

Bass. Well *Vince*, I sweare thou shalt both see and kisse her.

Vin.

Vin. Swears my deere friend: by what?

Bass. Even by our friendship.

Vin. O sacred oath! which, how long will you keepe?

Bass. While there be bees in *Hybla*, or white swannes
In bright *Meander*; while the banks of *Po*
Shall beare braue lillies; or Italian dames
Be called the Bone robes of the world.

Vin. Tis elegantly said: and when I faile,
Ler there be found in *Hybla* hives no bees;
Let no swannes swimme in bright *Meander* streame,
Nor lillies spring vp on the banks of *Po*,
Nor let one fat Italian dame be found,
But leane and brawn-falne; I, and scarlsly found.

Bass. It is enough, but lets imbrace with all. *(Exit.)*

Vin. With all my hart. *Bass.* So, now farewell sweet *Vince.*

Vin. Farewell my worthe friend, I thinke I haue him.

Enter Bassiole.

Bass. I had forgot the parting phrase he taught me,
I commend me t'ee sir. *Exit instant.*

Vin. At your wisht seruice sir:

O fine friend, he had forgot the phrase:
How serious apish soules are in vaine forme:
Well, he is mine, and he being trusted most
With my deare ioue, may often worke our meeting,
And being thus ingagde, dare not reueale.

Enter Pogio in haste. Strozza following. *(hunting.)*

Po. Horse, horse, horse, my lord, horse, your father is going a

Vin. My Lord horse? you asse you, d'ee call my Lord horse?

Stro. Nay, he speaks huddles still, lets slit his tongue.

Po. Nay good vnkle now, sbloud, what captious marchants
you be; so the Duke tooke me vp euen now: my lord vnckle
heere, and my old lord *Lasso*, by heauen y' are all too witty for
me, I am the veriest foole on you all, Ile be sworne.

Vin. Therein thou art worth vs all, for thou knowst thy selfe.

Stro. But your wisdom was in a pretty taking last night; was
it not I pray?

Pog. O, for taking my drink a little: ifaith my Lord, for that
you shall haue the best sport presently with Madam *Correze*,

that

The Gentleman Vsher.

that euer was; I haue made her so drunke, that she does nothing but kisse my Lord *Medice*.

See shee comes riding the Duke, shees passing well mounted, beleene it.

Enter Alphonso, Cortezza, Cynanche, Bassiolo first, two women attendants, and hunt-men, Lasso.

Alp. Good wench forbear.

Cort. My Lord, you must put forth your selfe among Ladies, I warrant you haue much in you, if you would shew it; see, a cheek a twentie; the bodie of a *George*, a good legge still; still a good calfe, and not slabby, nor hanging I warrant you; a brawne of a thumb here, and t'were a pallid partridge; Neece *Meg*, thou shalt haue the sweetest bedfellow on him, that euer call'd Ladie husband; trie him you shamefac'd bable you, trie him.

Mar. Good Madame be rulde.

Cort. What a nice thing it is, my Lord, you must set foorth this gear, and kisse her; yfaith you must; get you together and be naughts awhile, get you together.

Alp. Now what a merrie harmlesse dame it is!

Cort. My Lord *Medice*, you are a right noble man, & wil do a woman right in a wrong matter and neede be; pray do you giue the duke ensample vpon me; you come a wooing to me now; I accept it.

Lass. What meane you sister?

Cort. Pray my Lord away; consider me as I am, a woman.

Pog. Lord, how I haue whittld her?

Cort. You come a wooing to me now; pray thee Duke marke my Lord *Medice*; and do you marke me virgin; Stand you aside, my Lord, ali, and you; giue place; now my Lord *Medice*; put case I be strange a little, yet you like a man put me to it. Come kisse me my Lord, be not ashamed.

Med. Not I Madame, I come not a wooing to you.

Cort. Tis no matter my Lord, make as though you did, and come kisse me; I won't be strange a whit.

Lass. Fie sister, y'are too blame; pray will you goe to your

Cort. Why, harke you brother. (chamber.

Lass. Whats the matter?

Cort. Dee thinke I am drunke?

The Gentleman Vsher.

Lass. I thinke so truly.

Cort. But are you sure I am drunke?

Lass. Else I would not thinke so.

Cort. But, I would be glad to be sure on't.

Lass. I assure you then.

(duke

Cort. Why then say nothing; & Ile begone God bwy lord,
He come againe anone.

Exit.

Lass. I hope your Grace will pardon her my liege,
For tis most strange; shes as discreete a dame
As any in these countries, and as sober,
But for this onely humour of the cup:

Alp. Tis good my Lord sometimes:
Come, to our hunting; now tis time I thinke.

Omn. The verie best time of the day, my Lord.

Alp. Then my Lord, I will take my leaue till night,
Referuing thanks for all my entertainment,
Till I returne; in meane time, louely dame,
Remember the high state you last presented, *Vin. & St. haucal*
And thinke it was not a mere festiuall shew, *this while talked*
But an essentiall type of that you are *together a prettis*
In full consent of all my faculties, *way.*
And harke you good my Lord.

Vin. See now, they whisper
Some priuate order, (I dare lay my life)
For a forc'd marriage t'wixt my loue and father,
I therefore must make fure: and noble friends,
Ile leaue you all, when I haue brought you forth,
And serue you in the chase; meane-while obserue
In all the time this solemne hunting lasts,
My father and his minion *Medico,*
And note, if you can gather any signe,
That they haue mist me, and suspect my being,
If which fall out, send home my Page before.

Stro. I will not faile my Lord. *Medice whispers with L.*

Med. Now take thy time. *Huntsman all this while.*

Hunt. I warrant you my Lord, he shall not scape me.

Alp. Now my deere Mistresse, till our sports intended
end with my absence, I will take my leaue.

Lass.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Lass. Bassiolo, attend you on my daughter. *Exeunt*

Bass. I will my Lord.

Vin. Now will the sport beginne; I think my loue
Will handle him, as well as I haue doone. *Exit.*

Cyn. Madam, I take my leaue, and humblic thanke you.

Mar. Welcome good madam; mayds wait on my Lady. *Exi*

Bass. So mistris, this is fit.

Mar. Fit fir, why so?

Bass. Why so? I haue most fortunate newes for you.

Mar. For me fir? I beseech you what are they?

Bass. Merit and Fortune, for you both agree;
Merit what you haue, and haue what you merit.

Mar. Lord with what Rhetorike you prepare your newes!

Bass. I need not; for the plaine contents they beare
Vttred in any words, deserue their welcome,
And yet I hope the words will serue the turne.

Mar. What, in a letter?

Bass. Why not? *Mar.* Whence is it?

Bass. From one that will not shame it with his name.
And that is Lord *Vincentio*.

Mar. King of heauen!

Is the man madde?

Bass. Mad Madam, why?

Mar. O heauen, I muse a man of your importance,
Will offer to bring me a letter thus?

Bass. Why, why good Mistresse, are you hurt in that?
Your answer may be what you will your selfe.

Mar. I, but you should not doe it: Gods my life,
You shall answer it.

Bass. Nay, you must answer it.

Mar. I answer it! are you the man I trusted?
And will betray me to a stranger thus?

Bass. Thats nothing, dame, all friends were strangers first.

Mar. Now was there euer woman ouerseene so,
In a wise mans discretion?

Bass. Your braine is shallow, come, receiue this letter.

Mar. How dare you say so? when you know so well
How much I am engaged to the duke?

Bass. The duke? a proper match: a graue olde gentleman:
Hav beard at will; and would, in my conceyt,
Make a most excellent patterne, for a potter
To have his picture stampt on a Iugge.
To keepe ale-knights in memorie of sobrietie.
Heere gentle madam, take it.

Mar. Take it sir?

Am I common taker of love letters?

Bass. Common? why when receiv'd you one before?

Mar. Come, tis no matter; I had thought your care
Of my bestowing, would not tempt me thus
To one I know not; but it is because
You know I dote so much on your direction.

Bass. On my direction?

Mar. No sir, Not on yours.

Bass. Well mistris, if you will take my advice
At any time, then take this letter now.

Mar. Tis strange, I woonder the coy gentleman,
That seeing mee so oft, would neuer speake,
Is on the sodaine so far wrapt to write.

Bass. It shewd his iudgement, that he would not speake
Knowing with what a strict and iecalous eie
He should be noted; holde, if you loue your selfe;
Now will you take this letter? pray be rulde.

Mar. Come, you have such another plaguie toung,
And yet fayth I will not.

Bass. Lord of heauen,
What, did it burne your hands? holde, hold, I pray,
And let the words within it fire your heart.

Mar. I woonder how the deuill, he found you out
To be his spokelman, — O the duke would thanke you,
If he knew how you vrgde me for his sonne.

Bass. The duke? I haue fretted her,
Euen to the liuer, and had much adoe
To make her take it, but I knew t'was sure;
For he that cannot turne and winde a woman
Like filke about his finger, is no man,
He make her answer't too.

Mar.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Mar. O here's good stufte.

Hold, pray take it for your paines to bring it.

Bass. Ladie you erre in my reward a little;
Which must be a kind answere to this letter.

Mar. Nay then yfaith, 't were best you brought a Priest;
And then your client; and then keepe the doore.

Gods me I neuer knew so rude a man.

Bass. Wel, you shall answer; Ile fetch pen and paper. *Exit.*

Mar. Poore Vsher, how wert thou wrought to this brake?
Men worke on one another for we women,

Nay each man on himselfe; and all in one

Say; No man is content that lies alone.

Here comes our gulled Squire.

Bass. Here Mistresse, write.

Mar. What should I write?

Bass. An answer to this letter.

Mar. Why sir, I see no cause of answer in it,
But if you needs will shew how much you rule me,

Sit downe; and answer it, as you please your selfe,

Here is your paper, lay it faire afore you.

Bass. Lady, content, Ile be your Secretorie.

Mar. I fit him in this taske; he thiukes his penne
The Shaft of *Cupid*, in an amorous letter.

Bass. Is heere no great worth of your answer say you?
Beleue it, tis exceedingly well writ.

Mar. So much the more vnfit for me to answer,
And therefore let your Stile and it contend.

Bass. Well, you shall see I will not be farre short,
Although (indeede) I cannot write so well

When one is by, as when I am alone.

Mar. O, a good Scribe must write, though twenty talke,
and he talke to them too.

Bass. Well, you shall see.

Mar. A proper peece of Scribeship theres no doubt;
Some words, pickt out of Proclamations,

Or great mens Speeches; or well-selling Pamphlets:

See how he rubbes his temples: I beleue

His Muse lies in the backe-part of his braine,

The Gentleman Vsher.

Which thicke and grosse, is hard to be brought forward,
What? is it loath to come?

Bass. No, not a whit:

Pray hold your peace a little.

Mar. He sweates, with bringing on his heauie stile,
He plie him still, till he sweate all his wit out,
What man, not yet?

Bass. Swoons, youle not extort it from a man,
How do you like the worde Endeare?

Mar. O fie vpon't.

Bass. Nay, then I see your iudgement: what say you to con-

Mar. Worfe and worfe. (dole?)

Bass. O braue! I should make a sweete answer, if I should
vse no words but of your admittance.

Mar. Well sir, write what you please.

Bass. Is modell a good word with you?

Mar. Put them together I pray.

Bass. So I will I warrant you.

Mar. See, see, see, now it comes powring downe.

Bass. I hope youle take no exceptions to belecue it.

Mar. Out vpon't, that phrase is so runne out of breath in
trifles, that we shall haue no beleefe at all in earnest shortly.
Belecue it tis a prettie feather; belecue it a daintie Rush;
belecue it an excellent Cocks-combe.

Bass. So, so, so, your exceptions fort very collaterally.

Mnr. Collaterally? theres a fine word now; wrest in that if
you can by any meanes.

Bass. I thought she would like the very worst of them all,
how thinke you? do not I write, and heare, and talke too now?

Mar. By my soule, if you can tell what you write now, you
write verie readily.

Bass. That you shall see straight.

Mar. But do you not write that you speake now?

Bass. O yes, doe you not see how I write it? I can not write
when any bodie is by me, I.

Mar. Gods my life, stay man; youle make it too long.

Bass. Nay, if I can not tell what belongs to the length of a
Ladies deuice yfaith.

Mar,

The Gentleman Vsher.

Mar. But I will not haue it so long.

Bass. If I cannot fit you?

Mar. O me; how it comes vpon him? pre thee be short.

Bass. Wel, now I haue done, & now I wil reade it; your Lordships motiue accomodating my thoughts, with the very model of my hearts mature consideration: it shall not be out of my Element to negotiate with you in this amorous duello; wherein I will condole with you, that our proiect cannot be so collaterally made, as our endeared hearts may verie well sceme to insinuate.

Mar. No more: no more; fie vpon this:

Bass. Fie vpon this? hees accurst that haz to doe with these vnfound women, of iudgement: if this be not good yfaith.

Mar. But tis so good, t'will not be thought to come from a

Bass. Thats another matter (womans braine.

Mar. Come, I will write my selfe.

Bass. A Gods name Lady: and yet I will not loose this I warrant you; I know for what Ladie this will serue as fit; now we shall haue a sweete peece of inditement.

Mar. How spell you foolish?

Bass. F,oo,l,i,s,h; she will presume t'endite that cannot spell

Mar. How spell you Vsher?

Bass. Sblood, you put not in those words together, do you?

Mar. No, not together.

Bass. What is betwixt I pray?

Mar. Assethe.

Bass. Assethe? betwixt foolish, and Vsher, Gods my life, foolish Assethe Vsher?

Mar. Nay then you are so iealous of your wit: now reade all I haue written I pray.

Bass. I am not so foolish as the Vsher would make me: O so foolish as the Vsher would make, me: Wherein would I make you foolish?

Mar. Why sir, in willing me to belecue he lou'd me so wel, being so meere a stranger.

Bass. O, is't so? you may say so indeed.

Mar. Cry mercie sir, and I will write so too, & yet my hand Pray thee sit thee downe and write as I bid thee. (is so vile,

Bass.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Bass. With all my heart Lady, what shall I write now?

Mar. You shall write this fir, I am not so foolish to thinke you loue me, being so meere a stranger.

Bass. So meere a stranger!

Mar. And yet I know, loue works strangely.

Bass. Loue workes strangely.

Mar. And therefore take heed, by whom you speake for

Bass. Speake for loue.

(loue.

Mar. For he may speake for himselfe.

Bass. May speake for himselfe.

Mar. Not that I desire it,

Bass. Desire it.

Mar. But if he do; you may speede, I confesse.

Bass. Speede I confesse.

(die.

Mar. But let that passe, I do not lone to discourage any bo-

Bass. Discourage any bodie.

Mar. Do you, or he, picke out what you can; & so farewell.

Bass. And so fare well. Is this all?

(much.

Mar. I, and he may thanke your Syrens tongue that it is so

Bass. A proper Letter if you marke it.

Mar. Well fir, though it be not so proper as the writers; yet tis as proper as the inditer; Euerie woman cannot be a gentleman Vsher; they that cannot go before, must come behind.

Bass. Well Ladie, this I will carrie instantly, I commend me tee Ladie.

Exit.

Mar. Pittifull Vsher, what a prettie sleight,

Goes to the working vp of euerie thing?

What sweet varietie serues a womans wit?

We make men sue to vs for that we wish.

Poore men; hold out a while; and do not sue,

And spite of Custome we will sue to you.

Exit.

Finis Actus tertij.

ACTVS QVARTI, SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Pogio running in, and knocking at Cynanches doore.

Pog. O God, how wearie I am? Aunt, Madam,
Cynanche, Aunt?

Cyn.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Cyn. How now?

Pog. O God, Aunt: O God Aunt: O God.

Cyn. What bad newes brings this man? where is my Lord?

Pog. O Aunt, my Vnkle, hees shot.

Cyn. Shot, ay me!

How is he shot?

Pog. Why with a forked shaft

As he was hunting, full in his left side.

Cyn. O me accurst, where is hee? bring me, where?

Pog. Comming with Doctor *Beniuemus*,

He leaue you, and goe tell my Lord *Vincenio*. *Exit.*

Enter Beniuemus with others, bringing in Strozza with

an arrow in his side.

Cyn. See the sad sight, I dare not yeeld to griefe,

But force faind patience to recomfort him:

My Lord, what chance is this? how fares your lordship?

Stro. Wounded, and faint with anguish, let me rest.

Ben. A chaire.

Cyn. O Doctor, ist a deadly hurt?

Ben. I hope not Madam, though not free from danger.

Cyn. Why plucke you not the arrow from his side?

Ben. We cannot Lady, the foreckt head so fast

Sticke in the bottome of his follide ribbe.

Stro. No meane then Doctor rests there to educe it?

Ben. This onely, my good Lord, to giue your wound

A greater orifice, and in sunder break

The pierced ribbe; which being so neere the midriffe,

And opening to the region of the heart,

Will be exceeding dangerous to your life.

Stro. I will not see my bosome mangled so,

Nor sternely be anatomizd a liue,

He rather perish with it sticking still.

Cyn. O no; sweete doctör thinke vpon some help.

Ben. I tolde you all that can be thought in Arte;

Which since your Lordship will not yeelde to vse,

Our last hope rests in Natures secreet aide,

Whose power at length may happily expellit.

Stro. Must we attend at deaths abhorred doore,

The torturing delaies of slavish Nature?
My life is in mine owne powers to dissolue:
And why not then the paines that plague my life?
Rise furie, and this furie of my banz,
Assaile and conquer; what men madnesse call:
(That hath no eye to sense, but frees the soule,
Exempt of hope, and feare with instant fate)
Is manliest reason; manliest reason then,
Resolue and rid me of this brutish life,
Hasten the cowardly protracted cure
Of all diseases: King of Phisitians, death;
Ile dig thee from this Mine of miserie.

Cyn. O hold my Lord, this is no christian part;
Nor yet scarce manly, when your mankinde foe,
Imperious death shall make your grones his trumpets:
To summon resignation of lifes Fort,
To flie without resistance; you must force
A counter mine of Fortitude; more deepe
Than this poore Mine of paines, to blow him vp,
And, spight of him live victor, though subdu'd;
Patience in torment, is a valure more
Than euer crownd *T'h' Alcmeanean* Conquerour.

Siro. Rage is the vent of torment, let me rise.

Cyn. Men doe but crie, that rage in miseries,
And scarcely beaten children, become cries:
Paines are like womens clamors, which the lesse
They find mens patience stirred, the more they cease
Of this tis said, afflictions bring to God,
Because they make vs like him, drinking vp
Ioyes that deforme vs with the lusts of sense,
And turne our generall being into soule,
Whose actions simply formed and applied,
Draw all our bodies frailties from respect.

Siro. Away with this vnmedcinable balme
Of worded breath; for beare friends, let me rest;
I swear I will be bands vnto my selfe.

Ben. That will become your lordship best indeed.

Siro. Ile breake away, and leape into the Sea.

Or from some Turret cast me hedlong downe,
To shiuer this fraile earkasse into dust.

Cyn. O my deare Lord, what vnlike words are these,

To the late fruits of your religious Noblesse?

Stro. Leauē me fond woman.

Cyn. Ile be hewne from hence

Before I leauē you; helpe me gentle Doctor.

Ben. Haue patience good my Lord.

Stro. Then leade me in,

Cut off the timber of this cursed Shaft,

And let the fork'd pile canker to my heart.

Cyn. Deare Lord, resoluē on humble sufferance.

Str. I will not heare thee, woman, be content.

Cyn. O neuer shall my counsailes cease to knocke

At thy impatient eares, till they flie in

And saluē with Christian patience, Pagan sinne. *Exeunt.*

Enter Vincentio with a letter in his hand, Bassolo.

Bass. This is her letter sir, you now shall see

How seely a thing tis in respect of mine,

And what a simple woman she haz prou'd,

To refuse mine for hers; I pray looke heere.

Vin. Soft sir, I know not, I being her sworn seruant,

If I may put vp these disgracefull words,

Giuen of my Mistis, without touch of honour.

Bass. Disgracefull words; I protest I speake not

To disgrace her, but to grace my selfe.

Vin. Nay then sir, if it be to grace your selfe,

I am content; but otherwise you know,

I was to take exceptions to a King.

Bass. Nay, y'are ith right for that; but reade I pray, if there be

not more choice words in that letter, than in any three of *Gne-*

marus golden epistles, I am a very affe. How thinke you *Vince!*

Vin. By heauen no lesse sir, it is the best thing; *he rends it.*

Gods what a beast am I.

Bass. Is is no matter,

I can set it together againe.

Vin. Pardon me sir, I protest I was rauisht; but was it possi-

ble she should preferre hers before this?

Bass. O sir, she cride sic vpon this.

Vin. Well, I must say nothing, loue is blind you know, and can finde no fault in his beloued.

Bass. Nay, thats most certaine.

Vin. Gee't me: Ile haue this letter.

Bass. No good *Vince*, tis not worth it.

Vin. Ile ha't ifaith, heeres enough in it to serue for my letters as long as I liue; Ile keepe it to breede on as twere:

But I much wonder you could make her write.

Bass. Indeede there were some words belongd to that.

Vin. How strong an influence works in well plac'd words, And yet there must be a prepared loue, To giue those words so mighty a command, Or twere impossible they should moue so much:

And will you tell me true?

Bass. In any thing.

Vin. Does not this Lady loue you?

Bass. Loue me? why yes; I thinke she does not hate me.

Vin. Nay but ifaith, does she not loue you dearly?

Bass. No I protest.

Vin. Nor haue you neuer kist her?

Bass. Kist her, thats nothing.

Vin. But you know my meaning:

Haue you not beene, as one would say, afore me?

Bass. Not I, I sweare.

Vin. O, y' are too true to tell.

Bass. Nay be my troth, she haz, I must confesse, Vsd me with good respect, and nobly still, But for such matters.

Vin. Verie little more,

Would make him take her maidenhead vpon him:

Well friend, I rest yet in a little doubt,

This was not hers.

Bass. T'was by that light that shines,

And Ile goe fetch her to you to confirme it.

Vin. O passing friend.

Bass. But when she comes, in any case be bold,

And come vpon her with some pleasing thing,

To shew y' are please'd: how euer she behaues her,

The Gentleman Vsher.

As for example; if she turne her backe,
Vse you that action you would doe before,
And court her thus; Lady, your backe part is as faire to me, as
is your fore part.

Vin. T'will be most pleasing.

Bass. I, for if you loue
One part aboue another, tis a signe
You like not all alike, and the worst part
About your Mistresse, you must thinke as faire,
As sweete, and dainie, as the very best,
So much, for so much, and considering too,
Each seuerall limbe and member in his kinde.

Vin. As a man should.

Bass. True, will you thinke of this? *Vin.* I hope I shall.

Bass. But if she chance to laugh,

You must not lose your countenance, but deuise
Some speech to shew you please, euen being laugh'd at.

Vin. I, but what speech?

Bass. Gods pretious man! do something of your selfe?
But Ile deuise a speech. *he studies.*

Vin. Inspire him folly.

Bass. Or tis no matter, be but bold enough,
And laugh when she laughs, and it is enough:
Ile fetch her to you. *Exit.*

Vin. Now was there euer such a demilance,
To beare a man so cleare through thicke and thinne?

Enter Bassiolo.

Bass. Or harke you sir, if she should steale a laughter
Vnder her fanne, thus you may say, sweete Lady,
If you will laugh and lie downe, I am please.

Vin. And so I were by heauen; how know you that?

Bass. Slid man, Ile hit your very thoughts in these things.

Vin. Fetch her sweete friend, Ile hit your words I warrant,

Bass. Be bold then *Vince*, and presse her to it hard,
A shamefac'd man, is of all women barr'd. *Exit.*

Vin. How easly worthlesse men take worth vpon them,
And being ouer credulous of their owne worths,
Doe vnderprize as much the worth of others.

The foole is rich, and absurd riches thinks
All merit is rung out, where his purse chinks.

Enter Bassiolo and Margaret.

Bas. My Lord, with much intreaty heeres my Lady.
Nay Maddam, looke not backe: why *Vince* I say?

Mar. *Vince?* O monstrous ieast!

Bas. To her for shame.

Vin. Lady, your backe part is as sweete to me
As all your fore part.

Bas. He mis'd a little: he said her back part was sweet, when
He should haue said faire; but see, she laughs most fitly,
To bring in the tother: *Vince*, to her againe, she laughs.

Vin. Laugh you faire Dame?
If you will laugh and lie downe, I am please'd.

Mar. What villanous stuffe is heere?

Bas. Sweete Mistris, of meere grace imbolden now
The kind young Prince heere, it is onely loue
Vpon my protestation, that thus daunts
His most Heroicke spirit: so a while
He leaue you close together; *Vince*, I say ——— *Exit.*

Mar. O horrible hearing, does he call you *Vince*?

Vin. O I, what else? and I made him imbrace me,
Knitting a most familiar league of friendship.

Mar. But wherefore did you court me so absurdly?

Vin. Gods me, he taught me, I spake out of him.

Mar. O fie vpon't, could you for pittie make him
Such a poore creature? twas abuse enough
To make him take on him such sawcie friendship;
And yet his place is great; for hees not onely
My fathers Vsher, but the worlds beside,
Because he goes before it all in folly.

Vin. Well, in these homely wiles, must our loues maske,
Since power denies him his apparant right,

Mar. But is there no meane to dissolue that power,
And to preuent all further wrong to vs,
Which it may worke by forcing Marriage rites,
Betwixt me and the Duke?

Vin. No meane but one,

And

The Gentleman Vsher.

And that is closely to be married first,
Which I perceiue not how we can performe:
For at my fathers comming backe from hunting,
I feare your father and him selfe resolute,
To barre my interest with his present nuptialls.

Mar. That shall they neuer doe; may not we now
Our contract make, and marie before heauen?
Are not the lawes of God and Nature, more
Than formall lawes of men? are outward rites,
More vertuous then the very substance is
Of holy nuptialls solemaizde within?
Or shall lawes made to curbe the common world,
That would not be contain'd in forme without them,
Hurt them that are a law vnto themselves?
My princely loue, tis not a Priest shall let vs:
But since th' eternall acts of our pure soules,
Knit vs with God, the soule of all the world,
He shall be Priest to vs; and with such rites
As we can heere deuise, we will expresse,
And strongely ratifie our hearts true vowes,
Which no externall violence shall dissolue.

Kim. This is our onely meane to enjoy each other:
And, my deare life, I will deuise a forme
To execute the substance of our mindes,
In honor'd nuptialls. First then hide your face
With this your spotlesse white and virgin vaile:
Now this my skarfe Ile knit about your arme,
As you shall knit this other end on mine,
And as I knit it, heere I vow by Heauen,
By the most sweete imaginarie ioyes,
Of vntide nuptialls; by loues vs hering fire,
Fore-melting beantie, and loues flame it selfe,
As this is soft and pliant to your arme
In a circumferent flexure, so will I
Be tender of your welfare and your will,
As of mine owne, as of my life and soule,
In all things, and for euer, onelie you
Shall haue this care in fulnesse, onely you

Of all dames shall be mine, and onely you.
Ile court, commend and ioy in, till I die.

Mar. With like conceit on ly your arme this I tie,
And heere in sight of heauen, by it I sweare,
By my loue to you, which commands my life,
By the deare price of such a constant husband,
As you haue vowed to be: and by the ioy
I shall embrace by all meanes to requite you:
Ile be as apt to gouerne as this silke,
As priuate as my face is to this vaile,
And as faire from offence, as this from blacknesse.
I will be courted of no man but you,
In, and for you shall be my ioyes and woess:
If you be sicke, I will be sicke, though well:
If you be well, I will be well, though sicke:
Your selfe alone my compleat world shall be,
Euen from this houre, to all eternity.

Vin. It is inough, and binds as much as marriage. *Enter*

Bass. Ile see in what plight my poore louer stands, *Bassolo.*
Gods meta beckons me to haue me gone,
It seemes hees entred into some good vaine:
Ile hence, loue cureth when he vents his paine. *Exit.*

Vin. Now my sweet life, we both remember well
What we haue vow'd shall all be kept entire,
Maugre our fathers wraths, danger and death:
And to confirme this, shall we spend our breath?
Be well aduisde, for yet your choice shall be
In all things as before, as large and free.

Mar. What I haue vow'd, Ile keepe euen past my death.

Vin. And I: and now in token I dissolue
Your virgin state, I take this snowie vaile,
From your much fairer face, and claime the dues
Of sacred nuptialls: and now fairest heauen,
As thou art infinitely raise from earth,
Diffrent and opposite, so blesse this match,
As faire remou'd from Customes popular sects,
And as vnstaind with her abhorr'd respects. *Enter Bassolo.*

Bass. Mistris, away, *Poggio* runnes vp and downe,

Calling

The Gentleman Vsher.

Calling for Lord *Vincenzio*; come away,
For hicherward he bends his clamorous haste,

Mar. Remember loue. *Exit Mar. and Bassiolo.*

Vin. Or else forget me heauen.

Why am I sought for by this *Poggio*?

The Assè is great with child of some ill newes,

His mouth is neuer fill'd with other sound. *Enter Poggio.*

Pog. Where is my Lord *Vincenzio*, where is my Lord?

Vin. Here he is Assè, what an exclaiming keep'st thou?

Pog. Slood, my Lord, I haue followed you vp and downe
like a *Tantalus* pig, till I haue worne out my hose here abouts,
Ile be sworne, and yet you call me Assè still; But I can tell you
passing ill newes my Lord.

Vin. I know that well sir, thou neuer bringst other; whats
your newes now, I pray?

Pog. O Lord, my Lord vnclè is shot in the side with an arrow.

Vin. Plagues take thy tongue, is he in any danger?

Pog. O danger; I, he haz lien speechlesse this two houres,
And talkes so idly.

Vin. Accursed newes, where is he, bring me to him.

Pog. Yes, do you lead, and Ile guide you to him. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Strozza, brought in a Chaire, Cynanche,
Benenemus, with others.*

Cyn. How fares it now with my deare Lord and husband?

Stro. Come neere me wife, I fare the better farre

For the sweete foode of thy diuine aduice,
Let no man value at a litle price.

A vertuous womans counsaile, her wing'd spirit,
Is feather'd oftentimes with heauenly words;

And (like her beautie) rauishing, and pure.

The weaker bodie, still the stronger soule,

When good endeouours do her powers applie,

Her loue drawes neereff mans felicitie,

O what a treasure is a vertuous wife,

Discreet and louing, Not one gift on earth,

Makes a mans life so highly bound to heauen;

She giues him double forces, to endure

And to enioy; by being orie with him,

The Gentleman Vsher.

Feeling his Ioyes and Grieces with equall sences;
And like the twins *Hypocrates* reports:
If he fetch sighes, she drawes her breath as short;
If he lament, she melts her selfe in teares:
If he be glad, she triumphs; if he stirre,
She woo's his way; in all things his sweete Ape:
And is in alteration passing strange.
Himselfe diuinely varied without change:
Gold is right pretious; but his price infects
With pride and auarice; *Authortie* lifts
Hats from mens heades; and bowes the strongest knees,
Yet cannot bend in rule the weakest hea. ts;
Musicke delights but one sence; Nor choice meats
One quickly fades, the other stirre to sinne;
But a true wife, both sence and soule delights,
And mixeth not her good with any ill;
Her vertues (ruling hearts) all powres command;
All Store without her, leaues a man but poore;
And with her, Pouertie is exceeding Store;
No time is tedious with her, her true woorth
Makes a true husband thinke, his armes enfold;
(With her alone) a compleate worlde of gold.

Cyn. I wish (deare loue) I coulde deserue as much,
As your most kinde conceipt hath well exprest:
But when my best is done, I see you wounded;
And neither can recure nor ease your pains.

Stro. *Cynanche*, thy aduise hath made me well;
My free submission to the hand of heauen
Makes it redeeme me from the rage of paine.
For though I know the malice of my wound
Shootes still the same distemper through my vaines,
Yet the Iudiciall patience I embrace,
(In which my minde spreads her impassiu powres
Through all my suffering parts;) expels their frailtie;
And rendering vp their whole life to my soule,
Leaues me nought else but soule; and so like her,
Free from the passions of my fuming blood.

Cyn. Would God you were so; and that too much payne.

Were

The Gentleman Vsher.

Were not the reason, you felt sence of none.

Stro. Think'st thou me mad *Cynanche?* for mad men,
By paynes vngouernd, haue no sence of payne.
But I, I tell you am quite contrary,
Easde with well gouerning my submitted payne.
Be cheerd then wife; and looke not for, in mee,
The manners of a common wounded man.
Humilitie hath raisde me to the starres;
In which (as in a sort of Cristall Globes)
I sit and see things hidde from humane sight.
I, euen the very accidents to come
Are present with my knowledge; the seuenth day
The arrow head will fall out of my side.
The seauenth day wife, the forked head will out.

Cyn. Would God it would troy Lord, and leave you wel.

Stro. Yes, the seuenth day, I am assur'd it will:
And I shall liue, I know it; I thanke heauen,
I knowe it well; and ile teach my phisition,
To build his cares heereafter vpon heauen
More then on earthly medicines; for I knowe
Many things showne me from the op'ned skies,
That passe all arts. Now my phisition
Is comming to me, he makes friendly haste;
And I will well requite his care of mee.

Cyn. How knowe you he is comming?

Stro. Pasing well; and that my deare friend lord *Vincetia*
Will presently come see me too; ile stay
(My good phisition) till my true friend come.

Cyn. Ay me, his talke is idle; and I feare,
Foretells his reasonable Soule now leaues him.

Stro. Bring my Physition in, hee's at the doore.

Cyn. Alas, theres no Physition.

Stro. But I know it;
See, he is come.

Enter Beneuemiis.

Ben. How fares my worthy Lord?

Stro. Good Doctor, I endure no paine at all,
And the seauenth day, the arrowes head will out.

Ben. Why should it fall out the seuenth day my Lord?

The Gentleman Vsher.

Stro. I know it; the seventh day it will not faile.

Ben. I wish it may, my Lord.

Stro. Yes, 't will be so,

You come with purpose to take present leave,

But you shall stay a while; my Lord *Vincenzio*

Would see you faine, and now is comming hither:

Ben. How knowes your Lordship? haue you sent for him?

Stro. No, but 't is very true; hee's now hard by,
And will not hinder your affaires a whit.

Ben. How want of rest distempers his light braine?
Brings my Lord any traine?

Stro. None but himselfe.

My nephew *Poggio* now hath left his Grace.

Good Doctor go, and bring him by his hand,

(Which he will giue you) to my longing eyes,

Ben. 'Tis strange, if this be true.

Exit.

Cyn. The Prince I thinke,

Yet knowes not of your hurt.

Enter Vincenzio holding the Doctors hand.

Stro. Yes wife, too well,

See he is come; welcome my princely friend:

I haue beene shot my Lord; but the seventh day

The arrowes head will fall out of my side,

And I shall lue.

Vin. I doe not feare your life,

But, Doctor, is it your opinion,

That the seventh day the arrow head will out?

Stro. No, 't is not his opinion, 't is my knowledge:

For I doe know it well; and I do wish

Euen for your onely sake, my noble Lord,

This were the seventh day; and I now were well,

That I might be some strength to your hard state,

For you haue many perils to endure:

Great is your danger; great; your vniust ill

Is passing foule and mortall; would to God

My wound were something well, I might be with you,

Nay do not whisper; I know what I say,

Too well for you, my Lord; I wonder heauen

Will let such violence threat an innocent life.

Vin. What ere it be, deare friend, so you be well,
I will endure it all; your wounded state
Is all the daunger I feare towards me.

Stro. Nay, mine is nothing; For the seuenth day
This arrow head will out, and I shall liue,
And so shall you, I thinke; but verie hardly.
It will be hardly, you will scape indeed.

Vin. Be as will be; pray heauen your prophecie
Be happily accomplished in your selfe,
And nothing then can come amisse to me.

Stro. What sayes my Doctor? thinks he I say true?

Ben. If your good Lord ship could but rest a while,
I would hope well,

Stro. Yes, I shall rest I know,
If that will helpe your iudgement.

Ben. Yes, it will,
And good my Lord, lets helpe you in to trie.

Stro. You please me much, I shall sleepe instantly. *Exeunt.*

Enter Alphonso and Medice.

Alp. Why should the humorous boy forsake the chace?
As if he tooke aduantage of my absence,
To some act that my presence would offend.

Med. I warrant you my Lord, 'tis to that end:
And I belecue he wrongs you in your loue.
Children presuming on their parents kindnesse,
Care not what vnkind actions they commit
Against their quiet: And were I as you,
I would affright my sonne from these bold parts,
And father him as I found his deserts.

Alp. I sweare I will: and can I proue he aymes
At any interruption in my loue,
Ile interrupt his life.

Med. We soone shall see,
For I haue made Madam Cortez a search
With pick-locks, all the Ladies Cabynets
About Earle Lassos house; and if there be
Traffique of loue, twixt any one of them,

The Gentleman Vsher.

And your suspected sonne; e will soone appeare,
In some signe of their amorous marchandise;
See where she comes, loded with Iems & papers. *Enter. Cort.*

Cor. See here, my Lord, I haue rob'd all their Caskets,
Know you this Ring? this Carquenet? this Chaine?
Will any of these letters serue your turne?

Alp. I know not these things; but come: let me reade
some of these letters.

Lass. Madam, in this deed
You deserue highly of my Lord the Duke.

Cor. Nay my Lord *Medice*, I thinke I told you
I could do prettie well in these affaires:
O these yong Girles engrosse vp all the loue
From vs, (poore Beldams;) but I hold my hand,
Ile ferret all the Cunni-holes of their kindnesse
Ere I haue done with them.

Alp. Passion of death!
See, see, Lord *Medice*, my trait'rous sonne,
Hath long ioyde in the fauours of my loue:
Woe to the wombe that bore him: and my care
To bring him vp to this accursed houre,
In which all cares possesse my wretched life.

Med. What father, would belecue he had a sonne
So full of trecherie to his innocent state?
And yet my Lord, this letter shewes no meeting,
But a desire to meete.

Cort. Yes, yes, my Lord,
I doe suspect they meete; and I belecue
I know well where too; I belecue I doe;
And therefore tell me; does no creature know,
That you haue left the chafe thus suddenly?
And are come hither? haue you not beene seene
By any of these Louers?

Alp. Not by any.

Cor. Come then, come follow me; I am perswaded
I shall go neare to shew you their kind hands.
Their confidence, that you are still a hunting,
Will make your amorous sonne that stole from thence,

The Gentleman Vsher.

Bold in his loue-sports; Come, come, a fresh chace,
I hold this pickelocke, you shall hunt at view.
What, do they thinke to scape? An old wines eye
Is a blew Cristall full of forcerie.

Alp. If this be true, the traitrous boy shall die. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lasso, Margaret, Bassiolo going before.

Lass. Tell me I pray you, what strange hopes they are
That feed your coy conceits against the Duke,
And are prefer'd before th' assured greatnes
His highnesse graciously would make your fortunes?

Mar. I haue small hopes, my Lord; but a desire
To make my nuptiall choice of one I loue,
And as I would be loath t' impaire my state;
So I affect not honours that exceed it.

Lass. O you are verie temp'rate in your choice,
Pleading a iudgement past your sexe, and yeares.
But I beleue some fancie will be found,
The forge of these gay Gloses: if it be,
I shall descipher what close traitor tis
That is your Agent in your secret plots.

Bass. Swoones.

Lass. And him for whom you plot; and on you all
I will reuenge thy disobedience,
With such seuer correction, as shall fright
All such deluders from the like attempts:
But chiefly he shall smart that is your factor.

Bass. O me, accurst!

Lass. Meane time Ile cut
Your poore craft short yfaith.

Mar. Poore craft indeede,
That I, or any others vse; for me.

Lass. Well Dame, if it be nothing but the iarre
Of your vnfitted fancie, that procures
Your wilfull coyneesse to my Lord the Duke,
No doubt but Time, and Iudgement will conforme it
To such obedience, as so great desert
Proposde to your acceptance doth require.
To which end doe you counsaile her *Bassiolo.*

And let me see Maid gainst the Duks returne,
Another tincture set vpon your lookes
Then heretofore; For be assur'd at last
Thou shalt consent, or else incurre my curse:
Aduise her, you *Bassolo*.

Exit.

Bass. I, my good Lord;
Gods pittie, what an errant Assie was I,
To entertaine the Princes craftie friendship?
Slood, I halfe suspect, the villaine guld me;

Mar. Our Squire I thinke is startl'd.

Bass. Nay Ladie it is true,
And you must frame your fancie to the Duke,
For I protest I will not be corrupted,
For all the friends and fortunes in the world,
To gull my Lord that trusts me.

Mar. O sir, now,
Y'are true too late.

Bass. No Ladie, not a whit,
Slood, and you thinke to make an Assie of me,
May chance to rise betimes; I know't, I know.

Mar. Out seruile coward, shall a light suspect,
That hath no slenderest prooffe of what we do,
Infringe the weightie faith that thou hast sworne,
To thy deare friend the Prince: that dotes on thee;
And will in peeces cut thee for thy falshood;

Bass. I care not; Ile not hazard my estate,
For any Prince on earth: and Ile disclose
The complot to your father, if you yeeld not
To his obedience.

Mar. Dee if thou dar'st,
Euen for thy scrapt vp liuing, and thy life,
Ile tell my father then how thou didst wooe me,
To loue the yong Prince; and didst force me too,
To take his Letters; I was well inclin'd,
I will be sworne, before, to loue the Duke,
But thy vile railing at him, made me hate him.

Bass. I raile at him?

Mar. I marie did you sir,

And

And said he was a patterne for a Potter,
Fit t'haue his picture stamp't on a stone Iugge,
To keepe *Ale-knights* in memorie of Sobriety.

Bass. Sh'as a plagueie memory.

Mar. I could haue lou'd him else; nay, I did loue him,
Though I dissembled it, to bring him on,
And I by this time might haue beene a Dutchesse;
And now I thinke on't better: for reuenge,
Ile haue the Duke, and he shall haue thy head,
For thy false wit within it, to his loue.
Now goe and tell my Father, pray be gone.

Bass. Why and I will goe.

Mar. Goe, for Gods sake goe, are you heere yet?

Bass. Well, now I am resolu'd.

Ma. Tis brauely done, farewell: but do you heare sir?
Take this with you besides; the young Prince keepes
A certaine letter you had writ for me,
(Endearing, and Condoling, and Mature)
And if you should denie things, that I hope
Will stop your impudent mouth: but goe your waies,
If you can answer all this, why tis well.

Bass. Well Lady, if you will assure me heere,
You will refraine to meete with the young Prince,
I will say nothing.

Mar. Good sir, say your worst,
For I will meete him, and that presently.

Bass. Then be content I pray, and leaue me out,
And meete heereafter as you can your selues.

Mar. No, no sir, no, tis you must fetch him to me,
And you shal fetch him, or Ile do your arrand.

Bass. Swounds what a spight is this, I will resolute
T'endure the worst; tis but my foolish feare,
The plot will be discouerd: O the gods!
Tis the best sport to play with these young dames;
I haue dissembl'd, Mistris, all this while
Haue I not made you in a pretty taking?

Mar. O tis most good; thus you may play on me;
You cannot be content to make me loue

The Gentleman Vsher.

A man I hated till you spake for him,
With such enchanting speeches, as no friend
Could possibly resist: but you must vse
Your villanous wit, to driue me from my wits:
A plague of that bewitching tongue of yours;
Would I had neuer heard your scurvie words.

Ba. Pardon deare Dame, Ile make amends ifaith,
Thinke you that Ile play false with my deare *Vince?*
I swore that sooner *Hybla* should want bees,
And *Italy* bone robes, then I; faith
And so they shall.

Come, you shall meete, and double meete, in spight
Of all your foes, and Dukes that dare maintaine them,
A plague of all old doters, I disdaine them: *(Exeunt.)*

Mar. Said like a friend; O let me combe the cokscombe.

Finis Actus Quarti.

ACTVS QVINTI SCÆNA PRIMA.

Enter Alphonso, Medice, Lasso, Cortezza aboue.

Cor. Heere is the place will doe the deede ifaith;
This Duke will shew thee how youth puts downe age,
I, and perhaps how youth does put downe youth.

Alp. If I shall see my loue in any sort
Preuented, or abusde, th' abuser dies.

Lass. I hope there is no such intent my Liege,
For sad as death should I be to behold it.

Med. You must not be too confident my Lord,
Or in your daughter, or in them that guard her.
The Prince is politike, and enuies his Father:
And though not for himselfe, nor any good
Intended to your daughter, yet because
He knowes t' would kill his father, he would seeke her.

Cor. Whist, whist, they come.

Enter Bassiolo, Vincentio, and Margaret.

Bass. Come, meete me boldly, come,
And let them come from hunting when they dare.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Vin. Haz the best spirit.

Bass. Spirit? what a plague,

Shall a man feare Capriches? you forsooth

Must haue your loue come t'ee, and when he comes,

Then you grow shamefac'd, and he must not touch you:

But fie, my Father comes, and foe, my Aunt,

O't is a wittie hearing, ist not thinke you?

Vin. Nay, pray thee doe not mocke her gentle friend.

Bass. Nay, you are euen as wise a wooer too,

If she turne from you, you euen let her turne,

And say; you doe not loue to force a Lady,

T'is too much rudenesse; go sh hat, what's a Lady?

Must she not be touch'd? what, is she copper thinke you?

And will not bide the touch-stone? kisse her *Vince*,

And thou doost loue me, kisse her.

Vin. Lady, now

I were too simple if I should not offer.

Mar. O God sir, pray away, this man talks idley.

Bass. How shay by that; now by that candle there,

Were I as *Vince* is, I would handle you

In rustie tustie wise, in your right kinde.

Mar. O, you haue made him a sweete beagle, ha'y not?

Vin. T'is the most true beleuer in himselfe:

O'fall that sect of follie faith's his fault.

Bass. So, to her *Vince*, I giue thee leaue my lad,

Sweete were the words my mistris spake, when teares fell from *He lies downe*

Thus, as the Lyon lies before his den, (her eyes. by them.

Guarding his whelps, and streakes his carelesse limbs,

And when the Panther, Foxe, or Wolfe comes neere,

He neuer daines to rise, to fright them hence,

But onely puts forth one of his sterne pawes,

And keepes his deare whelps safe, as in a hutch,

So I present his person, and keepe mine.

Foxes, goe by, I put my terror forth,

Cant.

Let all the world tay what they can,

Her bargaine best she makes,

That hath the wit to choose a man,

To pay for that he takes.

Belle Pin. &c. iterum cant.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Dispatch sweete whelps the bug, the Duke comes strait:
O tis a graue old louer that same Duke,
And chooses Minions rarely, if you marke him.
The noble *Medice*, that man, that *Bobbadilla*,
That foolish knaue, that hose and dublet stinckard.

Med. Swounds my Lord, rise, lets indure no more.

Alp. A little, pray my Lord, for I beleue
We shall discover very notable knauey.

Lass. Alas how I am greu'd and sham'd in this.

Cor. Neuer care you Lord brother, theres no harme done.

Bass. But that sweet Creature, my good Lords sister,
Madam *Cortezza*, she, the noblest Dame
That euer any veine of honour bled;
There were a wife now, for my Lord the Duke
Had he the grace to choose her, but indeede,
To speake her true praise, I must vse some study.

Cor. Now truly brother, I did euer thinke
This man the honestest man that ere you kept.

Lass. So sister, so, because he praises you.

Cor. Nay sir, but you shall heare him further yet.

Bass. Were not her head sometimes a little light,
And so vnapt for matter of much weight,
She were the fittest, and the worthiest Dame
To leape a window, and to breake her necke,
That euer was.

Cor. Gods pittie, arrant knaue,
I euer thought him a dissembling varlot.

Bass. Well, now my hearts be warie, for by this,
I feare the Duke is comming; Ile go watch,
And giue you warning: I commend me t'ee. *Exit.*

Vin. O fine phrase,

Mar. And very timely vsde.

Vin. What now sweete life, shall we resolute vpon?
We neuer shall inioy each other heere.

Mar. Direct you then my Lord, what we shall doe,
For I am at your will, and will indure
With you, the cruellst absence, from the state
We both were borne too, that can be supposde.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Vin. That would extremely grieue me, could my selfe
Onely indure the ill, our hardest fates,
May lay on both of vs; I would not care,
But to behold thy sufferance, I should die.

Mar. How can your Lordship wrong my loue so much,
To thinke the more woe I sustaine for you,
Breedes not the more my comfort? I alas
Haue no meane else, to make my merit euen
In any measure, with your eniment worth.

Enter Bassiois.

Bas. Now must I exercise my timorous louers,
Like fresh arm'd souldiers, with some false alarms,
To make them yare and warie of their foe
The boistrous bearded Duke: Ile rush vpon them
With a most hideous cry, the Duke, the Duke, the Duke,
Ha, ha, ha, wo ho, come againe I say,
The Duke's not come ifaith.

Vin. Gods precious man,
What did you meane to put vs in this feare?

Basf. O sir, to make you looke about the more;
Nay, we must teach you more of this I tell you:
What, can you be too safe sir? what I say,
Must you be pamperd in your vanities?
Ah, I do domincere and rule the rost.

Exit.

Mar. Was euer such an Ingle? would to God,
(If twere not for our selues) my father saw him.

Las. Minion, you haue your praier, and my curse,
For your good Huswiferie.

Med. What saies your Highnesse?
Can you indure these iniuries any more?

Alp. No more, no more, aduise me what is best,
To be the penance of my gracelesse sonne?

Med. My Lord, no meane but death or banishment,
Can be fit penance for him: if you meane
T'inioy the pleasure of your loue your selfe.

Cor. Giue him plaine death my Lord, and then y'are sure.

Alp. Death or his banishment, he shall indure,
For wreake of that ioyes exile I sustaine.
Come, call our Gard, and apprehend him strait.

Exeunt.

Vin.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Those common pleasures, and pursu't the rare,
Vsing thy husband in those vertuous gifts:
For which, thou first didst cho'se him, and thereby
Cloy'st not with him, but lou'st him endlessly.
In reuerence of thy motion then, and zeale
To that most soueraigne power, that was my cure.
I make a vow to goe on foote to *Rome*,
And offer humbly in *S. Peters* Temple,
This fatall Arrow head: which work, let none iudge
A superstitious Rite, but a right vse,
Proper to this peculiar instrument,
Which visiblie resignde to memorie,
Through euery eye that sees, will stirre the soule
To Gratitude and Progressse, in the vse
Of my tried patience, which in my powers ending,
Would shut th'example out of future liues.
No act is superstitious, that applies
All power to God, deuoting hearts, through eyes.

Ben. Spoke with the true tongue of a Nobleman:
But now are all these excitations toyes,
And Honor fats his braine with other ioyes.
I know your true friend, Prince *Vincentio*
Will triumph in this excellent effect
Of your late prophecie.

Stro. O, my deare friends name
Presents my thoughts, with a most mortall danger,
To his right innocent life: a monstrous fact
Is now effected on him.

Cyn. Where? or how?

Stro. I doe not well those circumstances know,
But am assur'd, the substance is too true.
Come reuerend Doctor, let vs harken out
Where the young Prince remaines, and beare with you
Medcines t'allay his danger: if by wounds,
Beare pretious Balsome, or some soueraigne iuyce;
If by fell poison, some choice *Antidote*,
If by blacke witchcraft, our good spirits and prayers
Shall exorcise the diuelish wrath of hell,

The Gentleman Vsher.

Out of his princely bosome. *Enter Poggio running.*

Pog. Where? where? where? where's my Lord vncke, my Lord my vncke?

Stro. Here's the ill tydings-bringers; what newes now, with thy unhappie presence?

Po. O my Lord my Lord *Vincenzio*, is almost kild by my Lord

Stro. See Doctor, see, if my prelage be true. (*Medice.*)
And well I know if he haue hurt the Prince,
Tis trecherously done, or with much helpe.

Pog. Nay sure he had no helpe, but all the Dukes Guard; and they set vpon him indeed; and after he had defended himselfe, deesse? he drew, & hauing as good as wounded the Lord *Medice* almost, he strake at him, and misld him, dee marke?

Stro. What tale is here? where is this mischief done?

Pog. At Monks-well, my Lord, Ile guide you to him pre-

Str. I doubt it not; fooles are best guides to ill, (sently.)
And mischiefes readie way lies open still.

Lead sir I pray.

Exeunt.

Enter Corteza, and Margaret alone.

Cort. Quiet your selfe, Neece; though your loue be slaine,
You haue another that's woorth two of him.

Mar. It is not possible; it cannot be
That heauen should suffer such impietie.

Cort. Tis true, I sweare neece. *Ma.* O most vniust truth!
Ile cast my selfe downe headlong from this Tower,
And force an instant passage for my soule,
To seeke the wandring spirit of my Lord.

Cort. Will you do so Neece? That I hope you will not,
And yet there was a Maid in *Saint Marks* streete,
For such a matter did so; and her clothes
Flew vp about her so, as she had no harme:
And grace of God your clothes may flie vp too,
And saue you harmelesse; for your cause and hers
Are ene as like as can be.

Mar. I would not scape;
And certainly I thinke the death is easie.

Cort. O tis the easiest death that euer was,
Looke Neece, it is so farre hence to the ground.

The Gentleman Vsher.

You shoulde bee quite dead, long before you felt it.

Yet do not leape Neece.

Mar. I will kill my selfe

With running on some sworde; or drinke strong poison;
Which death is easiest I would faine endure.

Cor. Sure *Cleopatra* was of the same minde,
And did so; she was honord euer since,
Yet do not you so Neece.

Mar. Wretch that I am; my heart is softe and faint;
And trembles at the verie thought of death,
Though thoughts ten-fold more greuous do torment it;
He feele death by degrees; and first deforme
This my accursed face with vglie wounds,
That was the first cause of my deare loues death.

Cor. That were a cruell deed; yet *Adelasia*;
In *Pettis Pallace of Pettis* pleasure,
For all the worlde, with such a knife as this
Cut off her cheeks, and nose, and was commended
More then all Dames that kept their faces whole;
O do not cut it.

Mar. Fie on my faint heart,
It will not giue my hand the wished strength;
Beholde the iust plague of a sensuall life,
That to preserue it selfe in-Reasons spight,
And shunne deaths horror, feels it ten times more.
Vnworthy women, why doe men adore
Our fading Beauties, when their worthiest liues,
Peing lost for vs, we dare not die for them?
Hence haplesse Ornaments that adorn'd this head:
Disorder euer these entring carles
And leaue my beautie like a wildernesse,
That neuer mans eye more may dare t'invade.

Cor. He tell you Neece; and yet I will not tell you,
A thing that I desire to haue you doe.
But I will tell you onely what you might doe,
Cause I would pleasure you in all I cud.
I haue an Ointment heere, which we Dames vse,
To take off haire when it does growe too lowe

The Gentleman Vsher.

Vpon our foreheads, and that for a neede,
If you should rub it hard vpon your face,
Would blister it, and make it looke most vildely.

Mar. O Give me that Aunt.

Cor. Give it you virgin? that were well indeede:
Shall I be thought to tempt you to such matters?

Mar. None (of my faith) shall know it: gentle Aunt,
Bestow it on me, and Ile euer loue you.

Cor. Gods pitty, but you shall not spoile your face.

Mar. I wil not then indeede.

Cor. Why then Neece take it:
But you shall sweare you will not.

Mar. No, I sweare.

Cor. What, doe you force it from me? Gods my deare,
Will you mis-vse your face so? what, all ouer?
Nay, if you be so desp'rate, Ile be gone——*Exit.*

Mar. Fades haplesse brautie, turne the vglieft face
The euer *Aethiop*, or affrightfull fiend
Shew'd in th' amaz'd eye of prophan'd light:
See pretious Loue, if thou be it in ayre,
And canst breake darknesse, and the strongest Towres,
With thy disolued intellectuall powres,
See a wofull torment suffered for thy death,
Then if it had extended his blacke force,
In seuen-fold horror to my hared life.
Smart pretious ointment smart, and to my braine
Sweate thy enuom'd furie, make my eyes
Burne with thy sulphre like the lakes of hell,
That feare of me may shiver him to dust,
That eate his owne childe with the jawes of lust——*Exeunt.*

Enter Alphonso, Lasso, and others.

Alp. I wonder how farre they pursu'd my Sonne,
That no returne of him or them appears,
I feare some haplesse accident is chanc'd,
That makes the newes so loath to pierce mine eares.

Lass. High heauen vouchsafe no such effect succede
Those wretched causes that from my house flow,
But that in harmelesse loue all acts may end. *Enter Cortezza.*

Cort. What shall I do? Alas I cannot rule
My desperate Neece, all her sweete face is spoylde,
And I dare keepe her prisoner no more:
See, see, she comes frantike and all vndrest. *Enter Marg.*

Mar. Tyrant! behoid how thou hast vsde thy loue,
See, thee to Nature, thou hast kil'd and rob'd,
Kil'd what my selfe kil'd, rob'd what makes thee poore.
Beautie (a Louers treasure) thou hast lost
Where none can find it; all a poore Maides dowre:
Thou hast forc'd from me: all my ioy and hope.
No man will loue me more; all Dames excell me,
This oug'y thing is now no more a face,
Nor any vile forme in all Earth resembled,
But thy fowle tyrannie; for which all the paines
Two faithfull Louers feele, that thus are parted,
All ioyes they might haue felt, turne all to paines;
All a yong virgin thinks she does endure,
To loose her loue and beautie; on thy heart
Be heapt and prest downe till thy soule depart. *Enter Iulio.*

Iul. Haste Liege, your sonne is daungerously hurt.
Lord *Medice* contemning your commaund,
By me deliuered, as your Highnesse will'd,
Set on him with your Guard; who strooke him downe;
And then the coward Lord, with mortall wounds,
And flauish insolencie, plow'd vp his soft breast;
Which barbarous fact, in part is laid on you,
For first enioyning it, and fowle exclaims
In pittie of your sonne, your subiects breathe
Gainst your vnaturall furie; amongst whom
The good Lord *Strozza* desperately raues,
And vengeance for his friends iniustice craues.
See where he comes burning in zeale offriendship.

*Enter Strozza, Vincentio, brought in a chaire. Beneuenius,
Pogio, Cynanche, with a guarda, Strozza before & Medice.*

Siro. Where is the tyrant? let me strie his eyes
Into his braine, with horror of an obiet.
See Pagan *Nero*; see how thou hast ript
Thy better bosome; rooted vp that flowre,

The Gentleman vs the.

From whence thy now spent life should spring anew,
And in him kild, (that would haue bred thee fresh).
Thy mother and thy father.

Vin. Good friend cease.

Stro. What hag with child of Monster, would haue nurs't
Such a prodigious longing? But a father
Would rather eate the brawne out of his armes
Then glut the mad worme of his wilde desires
With his deare illues entrailles.

Vin. Honour'd friend;

He is my father, and he is my Prince,
In both whose rights he may commaund my life.

Stro. What is a father? turne his entrailles gulfs
To swallow children, when they haue begot them?
And whats a Prince? Had all beene vertuous men;
There neuer had beene Prince vpon the earth,
And so no subiect; all men had beene Princes:
A vertuous man is subiect to no Prince,
But to his soule and honour; which are lawes,
That carrie Fire and Sword within themselues
Neuer corrupted, neuer out of rule;
What is there in a Prince? That his least lusts
Are valued at the liues of other men,
When common faults in him should prodigies be,
And his grosse dotage rather loath'd then sooth'd.

Alp. How thicke and heauily my plagues descend!
Not giuing my mazde powres a time to speake:
Poure more rebuke vpon me worthie Lord,
For I haue guilt and patience for them all:
Yet know, deare sonne, I did forbid thy harme:
This Gentleman can witnes, whom I sent
With all command of haste to interdict
This forward man in mischief; not to touch thee:
Did I not *Iulio*? vtter nought but truth.

Iul. All your guard heard, my Lord, I gaue your charge,
With lowd and violent itterations.

After all which, Lord *Medice* cowardly hurt him.

The Guard. He did my Princely Lord.

The Gentleman Vsher.

Alp. Beleeue then sonne,
And know me pierst as deeply with thy wounds:
And pardon vertuous Ladie that haue lost
The dearest treasure proper to your sexe.
Ay me, it seemes by my vnhappy meanes!
O would to God, I could with present cure
Of these vnnatural wounds; and moning right
Of this abused beautie, ioyne you both,
(As last I left you) in eternall nuptials.

Vin. My Lord, I know the malice of this man,
Not your vnkinde consent hath vsde vs thus.
And since I make no doubt I shall suruiue
These fatall dangers; and your grace is please,
To giue free course to my vnwounded loue;
T'is not this outward beauties ruthfull losse,
Can any thought discourage my desires:
And therefore, deare life, doe not wrong me so,
To thinke my loue the shadow of your beautie,
I woode your vertues, which as I am sure
No accident can alter or empaire;
So be you certaine nought can change my loue.

Mar. I know your honourable minde my Lord,
And will not do it that vnworthis wrong,
To let it spend her forces in contending
(Spite of your sence) to loue me thus deformed:
Loue must haue outward obiects to delight him,
Else his content will be too graue and sowre.
It is inough for me my Lord, you loue,
And that my beauties sacrifice redeeme
My sad feare of your slaughter. You first lou'd me
Closely for beautie; which being with' red thus,
Your loue must fade; when the most needfull rights
Of Fate, and Nature, haue dissolu'd your life,
And that your loue must needs be all in soule,
Then will we meete againe: and then (deare Loue)
Loue me againe; for then will beautie be
Of no respect with 'loues eternitie.

Vin. Nor is it now; I woode your beautie first

The Gentleman Vsher.

But as a louer: now as a deare husband,
That title and your vertues binde me euer.

Mar. Alas, that title is of litle force
To stirre vp mens affectious: when wiues want
Outward excitements, husbands loues grow skant.

Ben. Assitt me Heauen, and Art, giue me your Maske,
Open thou little store- house of great Nature,
Vse an Elixar drawne through seuen yeares fire,
That like *Medeas* Cauldron, can repaire
The vglieft losse of living temp' rature:
And for this princely paire of vertuous Turtles,
Be lauish of thy pretious influence
Lady, c'attone your honourable strife,
And take all let from your loues tender eyes.
Let me for euer hide this staine of Beauty,
With this recureful Maske; heere be it fix'd
With painelesse operation; of it selfe,
(Your beauty hauing brook'd three daies eclips)
Like a dissolued clowd it shall fall off,
And your faire lookes regaine their freshest raies:
So shall your Princely friend, (if heauen consent)
Intwice your sufferd date renue recure,
Let me then haue the honor to conioyne
Your hands, conformed to your constant hearts.

Alp. Graue *Beneuenius*, honorable Doctor,
On whose most soueraigne *Esculapian* hand,
Fame with her richest miracles attends,
Be fortunate, as euer heeretofore,
That we may quite thee both with gold and honour,
And by thy happy meanes, haue powre to make
My Sonne, and his much iniur'd loue amends,
Whose well proportion'd choice we now applaud,
And blesse all those that euer further'd it.
Where is your discreete Vsher my good Lord,
The speciall furtherer of this equall match?

Julio Brought after by a couple of your Guard.

Alp. Let him be fetch'd, that we may doe him grace.

Po. Ile fetch him my Lord: away, you must not go: O here
He

The Gentleman Vsher.

He comes; O master Vsher, I am sorie for you, you must presently be chopt in peeces.

Bass. Wo to that wicked Prince that ere I saw him.

Pog. Come, come, I gull you master Vsher, you are like to be the Dukes Minion man; dee thinke I would haue beene seene in your companie, and you had beene out of fauour? Here's my friend maister Vsher, my Lord.

Alp. Giue me your hand friend, pardon vs I pray, We much haue wrong'd your worth, as one that knew the fitteesse of this match aboue our selues.

Bass. Sir, I did all things for the best, I sweare, And you must thinke I would not haue beene gul'd, I know what's fit fir, as I hope you know now: Sweete *Vince*, how far'st thou, be of honourd cheere.

Lass. *Vince* does he call him? O Foole, dost thou call The Prince *Vince*, like his equall?

Bass. O my Lord, Ahlas
You know not what haz past twixt vs two;
Here in thy bosome I will lie sweete *Vince*,
And die if thou die, I protest by heauen.

Lass. I know not what this meanes.

Alp. Nor I my Lord:
But sure he saw the fitnes of the match,
With freer and more noble eies then we.

Pog. Why I saw that as well as he my Lord; I knew t'was a foolish match betwixt you two; did not you thinke so my Lord *Vincenio*? Lord vnle, did not I say at first of the Dukes; will his Antiquitie neuer leaue his 'niquitie?

Siro. Go to, too much of this; but aske this Lord,
If he did like it.

Pog. Who, my Lord *Medice*?

Siro. Lord *Stinkard Man*, his name is; aske him Lord *Stinkard*, did you like the match? say.

Pog. My Lord *Stinkard*, did you like the match betwixt the Duke, and my Ladie *Margaret*?

Med. Presumptuous Sicophant, I will haue thy life.

Alp. Vnworthe Lord, put vp: hirst'st thou more blood?
Thy life is fit't to be call'd in question,

For thy most murthrous cowardise on my sonne;
Thy forwardnesse to euery cruelty
Calls thy pretended Noblesse in suspect.

Stro. Noblesse my Lord: set by your princely fauour,
That gaue the lustre to his painted state,
Who euer view'd him but with deepe contempt,
As reading vilenesse in his very lookes?
And if he proue not sonne of some base drudge,
Trim'd vp by Fortune, being dispos'd to ieast
And dally with your state, then that good Angell,
That by diuine relation spake in me,
Fore-telling these foule dangers to your sonne.
And without notice brought this reuerend man
To rescue him from death: now failes my tongue,
And Ile confesse, I doe him open wrong.

Med. And so thou doost; and I returne all note
Of infamy or basenesse on thy throte:
Damne me my Lord, if I be not a Lord.

Stro. My Liege, with all desert, euen now you said
His life was duely forfeit, for the death
Which in these barbarous wounds he sought your sonne;
Vouchsafe me then his life, in my friends right,
For many waies I know he merits death;
Which, (if you grant) will instantly appeare,
And that I feele with some rare miracle.

Alp. His life is thine Lord *Strozza*, Giue him death.

Med. What my Lord,
Will your grace cast away an innocent life?

Stro. Villaine thou liest, thou guiltie art of death
A hundred waies, which now Ile execute.

Med. Recall your word my Lord.

Alp. Not for the world.

Stro. O my deare Liege, but that my spirit propheticke
Hath inward feeling of such finnes in him,
As aske the forfait of his life and soule,
I would, before I tooke his life, giue leaue
To his confession, and his penitence:
O he would tell you most notorious wondrous,

The Gentleman Vnder.

Of his most impious state; but life and soule
Must suffer for it in him, and my hand
Forbidden is from heaven to let him live,
Till by confession he may haue forgiveness.
Die therefore monster.

Vin. O be not so vncharitable sweete friend,
Let him confesse his sinnes, and aske heauen pardon.

Stro. He must not Princely friend; it is heuens iustice
To plague his life and soule, and heer's heuens iustice.

Me. O saue my life my Lord. *Las.* Hold good Lord *Stro* *Stro*,
Let him confesse the sinnes that heauen hath told you,
And aske forgiveness.

Med. Let me good my Lord,
And Ile confesse what you accuse me of.
Wonders indeede, and full of damn'd desertis.

Stro. I know it, and I must not let thee live
To aske forgiveness.

Alp. But you shall my Lord,
Or I will take his life out of your hand!

Stro. A little then I am content my Liege:
Is thy name *Medice*? *Med.* No my Noble Lord,
My true name is *Mendico*. *Stro.* *Mendico*? see,
At first a Mighty scandall done to Honour.
Of what countrie art thou? *Med.* Of no Country, I,
But borne vpon the Seas, my mother passing
Twixt *Zant* and *Venice*.

Stro. Where wert thou christned?

Med. I was neuer christned,
But being brought vp with beggars, call'd *Mendico*.

Alp. Strange, and vspeakeable.

Stro. How cam'st thou then

To beare that port thou didst, entering this Court?

Med. My lord, when I was young, being able limb'd,
A Captaine of the Gypsies entertain'd me,
And many yeares I liu'd a loose life with them:
At last I was so fauor'd, that they made me
The King of Gypsies; and being told my fortune
By an old Sorceresse, that I should be great

The Gentleman Vsher.

In some great Princes loue, I tooke the treasure
Which all our company of Gipsies had
In many yeares, by seuerall stealths collected,
And leaving them in warres, I liu'd abroad,
With no lesse shew then now: and my last wrong
I did to Noblesse, was in this high Court.

Alp. Neuer was heard so strange a counterfet.

Stro. Didst thou not cause me to be shot in hunting?

Med. I did my Lord, for which, for heavens loue pardon.

Stro. Now let him liue my Lord, his bloods least drop
Would staine your Court, more then the Sea could cleanse:
His soule's too foule to expiate with death.

Alp. Hence then, be euer banish'd from my rule,
And liue a monster, loath'd of all the world.

Pog. Ile get boyes and baite him out a'th Court my Lord.

Alp. Doe so I pray thee, rid me of his sight.

Pog. Come on my Lord: *Strinckerd,* Ile play Fox, Fox, come
out of thy hole with you ifaith.

Med. Ile runne and hide me from the sight of heaven.

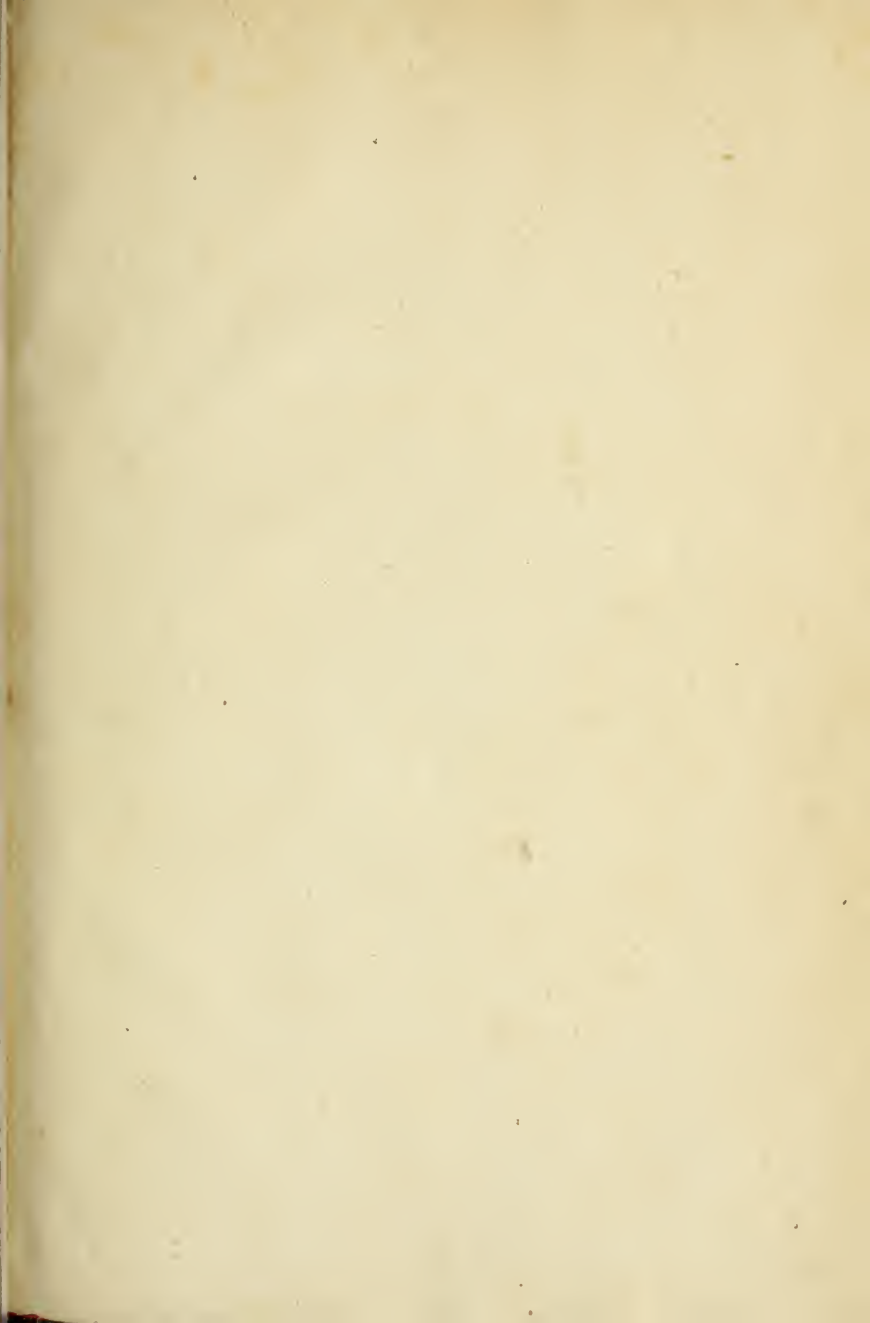
Pog. Fox, Fox, goe out of thy hole; a two leg'd Fox,
A two leg'd Fox. *Exit with Pages beating Medice.*

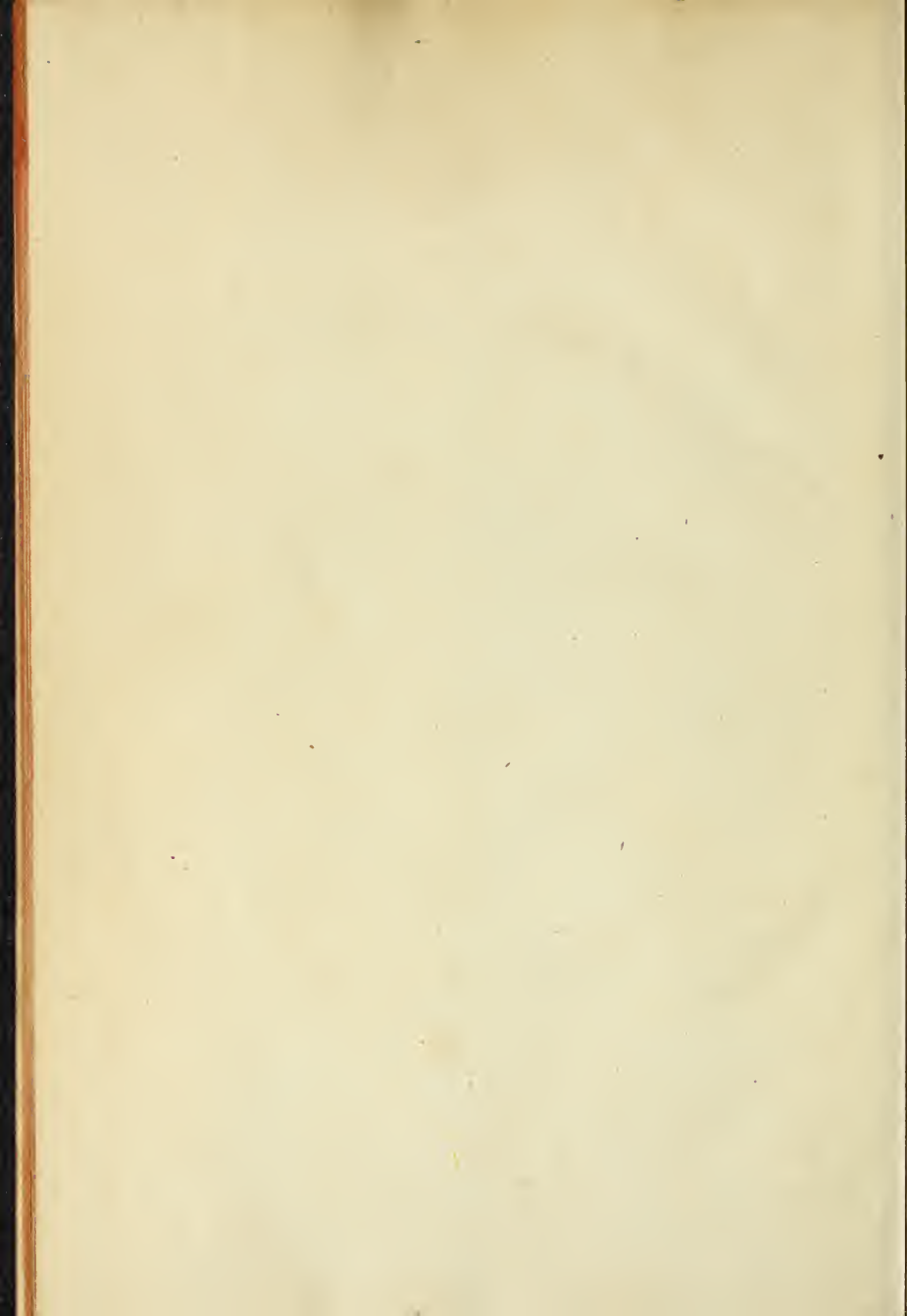
Bene. Neuer was such an accident disclofde.

Alp. Let vs forget it honourable friends,
And satisfie all wrongs with my sonnes right,
Insolemne mariage of his loue and him.

Vin. I humbly thanke your Highnesse honor'd Doctor,
The Balsome you infusde into my wounds,
Hath easde me much, and giuen me sodaine strength
Enough't assure all danger is exempt,
That any way may let the generall ioy,
My Princely Father speakes of in our nuptials.

Alp. Which my deere Sonne shall with thy full recourse
Be celebrate in greater Maiesty,
Than euer grac'd our greatest Ancestrie.
Then take thy loue, which heauen with all ioyes blesse,
And make yee both mirrors of happinesse.





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